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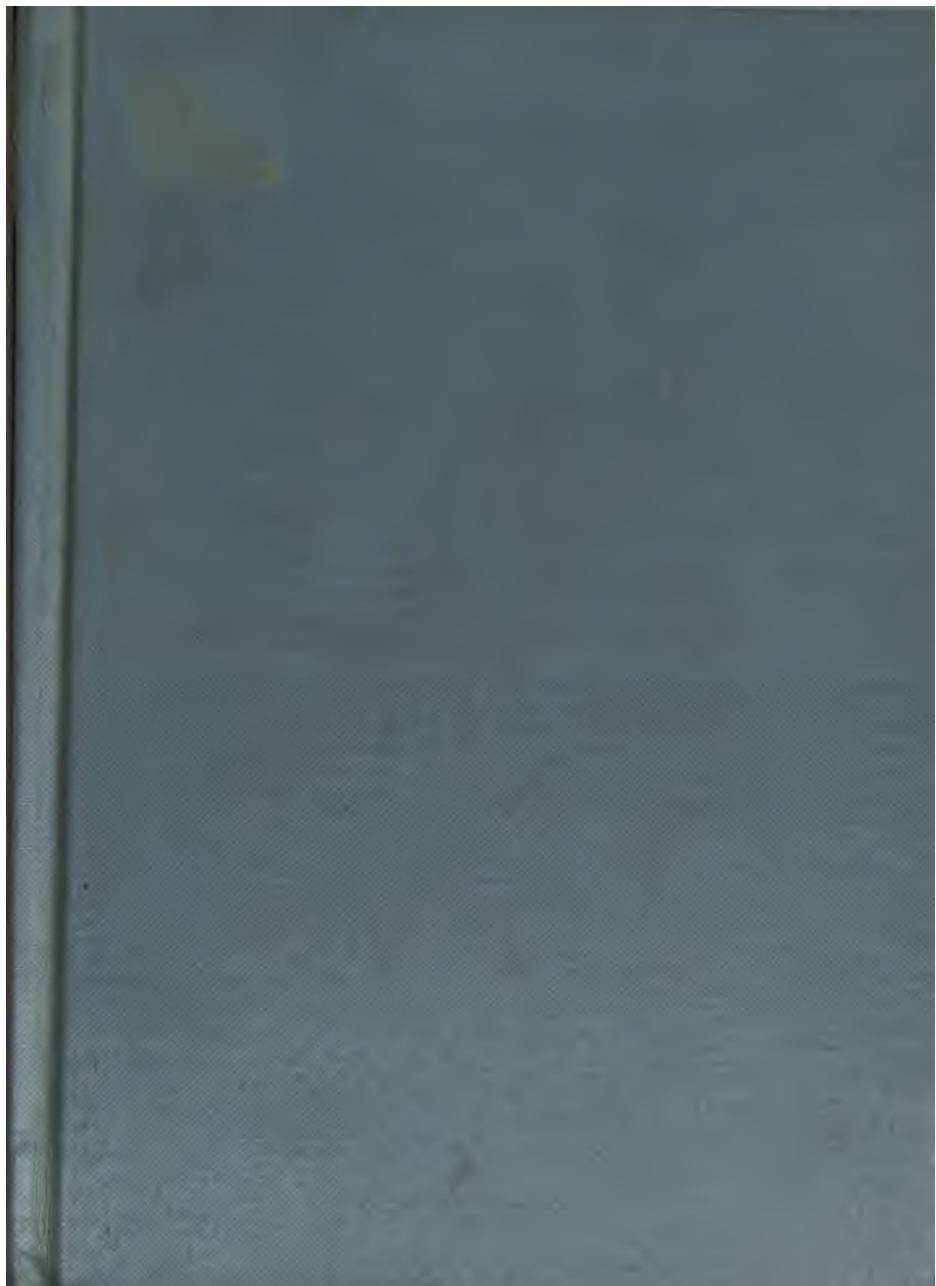
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Professor of Germanic Philology

1898-1925



LESSING

NATHAN THE WISE

A Dramatic Poem in five Acts

TRANSLATED BY

W. TAYLOR

EMILIA GALOTTI

A Tragedy in five Acts

TRANSLATED BY

CHARLES LEE LEWES



NEW YORK

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NATHAN THE WISE.

A DRAMATIC POEM

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

Translated from the German

BY

W. TAYLOR.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

*Saladin, the sultan.
Sittah, his sister.
Yathun, a rich jew.
Recha, his adopted daughter.
Yaya, a christian woman dwelling with the jew
as companion to Recha.
Conrade, a young templar.
Juli, a dervis.
Athanasius, the patriarch of Palestine.
Younides, a friar.
An Emir, sundry Mamalukes, slaves, &c.*

The Scene is at Jerusalem.

NATHAN THE WISE.

Introite nam et heic Dñi sunt!
APUD GELLUM

A C T I.

SCENE. — A Hall in Nathan's House.

~~Nathan~~, in a travelling dress, Daya meeting him.

~~Daya.~~

"Tis he, 'tis Nathan! Thanks to the Almighty,
That you're at last return'd.

~~Nathan.~~

Yes, Daya, thanks,
That I have reach'd Jerusalem in safety.
But wherefore this ~~at last~~? Did I intend,
Or was it possible to come back sooner?
As I was forc'd to travel, out and in,
'Tis a long hundred leagues to Babylon;
And to get in one's debts is no employment,
That speeds a traveller.

~~Daya.~~

O Nathan, Nathan,
How miserable you had nigh become
During this little absence; for your house —

גַּתְהָן.

Well, 'twas on fire; I have already heard it.
God grant I may have heard the whole, that chanc'd!

גַּתְהָן.

'Twas on the point of burning to the ground.

גַּתְהָן.

Then we'd have built another, and a better.

גַּתְהָן.

True! — But thy Recha too was on the point
Of perishing amid the flames.

גַּתְהָן.

Of perishing?

My Recha, saidst thou? She? I heard not that.
I then should not have needed any house.

Upon the point of perishing — perchance
She's gone? — Speak out then — out — torment me not
With this suspense. — Come, tell me — tell me all.

גַּתְהָן.

Were she no more, from me you would not hear it.

גַּתְהָן.

Why then alarm me? — Recha, O my Recha!

גַּתְהָן.

Your Recha? Yours?

גַּתְהָן.

What if I ever were
Doom'd to unlearn to call this child, *my* child.

גַּתְהָן.

Is all you own yours by an equal title?

גַּתְהָן.

Nought by a better. What I else enjoy
Nature and Fortune gave — this treasure, Virtue.

גַּתְהָן.

How dear you make me pay for all your goodness! —

If goodness, exercis'd with such a view,
Deserves the name.—

Nathan.

With such a view? With what?

Say.

My conscience—

Nathan.

Daya, let me tell you first—

Say.

I say, my conscience—

Nathan.

What a charming silk

I bought for you in Babylon! 'Tis rich,
Yet elegantly rich. I almost doubt
If I have brought a prettier for Recha.

Say.

And what of that.—I tell you that my conscience
Will not be longer hush'd.

Nathan.

And I have bracelets,
And ear-rings, and a neck-lace, which will charm you.
I chose them at Damascus.

Say.

That's your way:—

If you can but make presents—but make presents.—

Nathan.

Take you as freely as I give—and cease.

Say.

And cease?—Who questions, Nathan, but that you are
Honor and generosity in person;—

Yet—

Nathan.

Yet I'm but a Jew.—That was your meaning.

Daya.

You better know what was my meaning, Nathan.

Gathen.

Well, well, no more of this.

Daya.

I shall be silent;

But what of sinful in the eye of heaven

Springs out of it — not I, not I could help;

It falls upon thy head.

Gathen.

So let it, Daya.

Where is she then? What stays her? — Surely, surely,

You're not amusing me — And does she know

That I'm arrived?

Daya.

That you yourself must speak to.

Terror still vibrates in her every nerve.

Her fancy mingles fire with all she thinks of.

Asleep, her soul seems busy; but awake,

Absent: now less than brute, now more than angel.

Gathen.

Poor thing! What are we mortals —

Daya.

As she lay

This morning sleeping, all at once she started

And cried: "list! list! there come my father's camels!"

And then she droop'd again upon her pillow

And I withdrew — when, lo! you really came.

Her thoughts have only been with you — and him.

Gathen.

And him? What him?

Daya.

With him, who from the fire

Preserv'd her life.

Nathan.

Who was it? Where is he,
That sav'd my Recha for me?

Daya.

A young templar,
Brought hither captive a few days ago,
And pardon'd by the sultan.

Nathan.

How, a *templar*
Dismiss'd with life by Saladin. In truth,
Not a less miracle was to preserve her.
God! — God! —

Daya.

Without this man, who risk'd afresh
The sultan's unexpected boon, we'd lost her.

Nathan.

Where is he, Daya, where's this noble youth?
Do, lead me to his feet. Sure, sure you gave him
What treasures I had left you — gave him all,
Promis'd him more — much more?

Daya.

How could we?

Nathan.

Not?

Daya.

He came, he went, we know not whence, or whither.
Quite unacquainted with the house, unguided
But by his ear, he prest through smoke and flame,
His mantle spread before him, to the room
Whence pierc'd the shrieks for help; and we began
To think him lost — and her; when, all at once,
Bursting from flame and smoke, he stood before us,
She in his arm upheld. Cold and unmov'd

By our loud warmth of thanks, he left his booty,
Struggled into the croud, and disappear'd.

Nathan.

But not for ever, Daya, I would hope.

Daya.

For some days after, underneath yon palms,
That shade his grave who rose again from death,
We saw him wandering up and down. I went,
With transport went to thank him. I conjur'd,
Intreated him to visit once again
The dear sweet girl he sav'd, who long'd to shed
At her preserver's feet the grateful tear —

Nathan.

Well!

Daya.

But in vain. Deaf to our warmest prayers,
On me he flung such bitter mockery —

Nathan.

That hence rebuff'd —

Daya.

Oh no, oh no, indeed not.
Daily I forc'd myself upon him, daily
Afresh encounter'd his dry taunting speeches.
Much I have borne, and would have borne much more:
But he of late forbears his lonely walk
Under the scatter'd palms, which stand about
Our holy sepulchre: nor have I learnt
Where he now is. You seem astonish'd — thoughtful —

Nathan.

I was imagining what strange impressions
This conduct makes on such a mind as Recha's.
Disdain'd by one, whom she must feel compell'd
To venerate and to esteem so highly.

At once attracted and repell'd — the combat
Between her head and heart must yet endure,
Regret, Resentment, in unusual struggle.
Neither, perhaps, obtains the upper hand,
And busy Fancy, meddling in the fray,
Weaves wild enthusiasms to her dazzled spirit,
Now clothing Passion in the garb of Reason,
And Reason now in Passion's — do I err?
This last is Recha's fate. — Romantic notions —

Daya.

Aye; but such pious, lovely, sweet, illusions.

Gathun.

Illusions tho'.

Daya.

Yes: and the one, her bosom
Clings to most fondly, is, that the brave templar
Was but a transient inmate of the earth,
A guardian angel, such as from her childhood
She lov'd to fancy kindly hovering round her,
Who from his veiling cloud amid the fire
Stepp'd forth in her preserver's form. You smile —
Who knows? At least beware of banishing
So pleasing an illusion — if deceitful
Christian, Jew, Mussulman, agree to own it,
And 'tis — at least to her — a dear illusion.

Gathun.

Also to me. Go, my good Daya, go,
See what she's after. Can't I speak with her?
Then I'll find out our untam'd guardian angel,
Bring him to sojourn here awhile among us —
We'll pinion his wild wing, when once he's taken.

Daya.

You undertake too much.

Gathen.

And when, my Daya,
This sweet illusion yields to sweeter truth,
(For to a man a man is ever dearer
Than any angel) you must not be angry
To see our lov'd enthusiast exorcis'd.

Daya.

You are so good — and yet so sly. I'll seek her,
But listen, — yes! she's coming of herself.

Gathen, Daya, and Recha.

Recha.

And you are here, your very self, my father,
I thought you'd only sent your voice before you.
Where are you then? What mountains, deserts, torrents,
Divide us now? You see me, face to face,
And do not hasten to embrace your Recha.
Poor Recha! she was almost burnt alive,
But only — only — almost. Do not shudder!
O 'tis a horrid end to die in fire!

Gathen (embracing her).

My child, my darling child!

Recha.

You had to cross
The Jordan, Tigris, and Euphrates, and
Who knows what rivers else. I us'd to tremble
And quake for you, till the fire came so nigh me;
Since then, methinks 'twere comfort, balm, refreshment,
To die by water. But you are not drown'd —
I am not burnt alive. — We will rejoice —
We will praise God — the kind good God, who bore thee,
Upon the buoyant wings of *unseen* angels,

Across the treacherous stream — the God, who bade
My angel *visible* on his white wing
Athwart the roaring flame —

Nathan (*aside*).

White wing? — oh aye
The broad white fluttering mantle of the templar.

Yes, visibly he bore me thro' the fire,
O'ershadow'd by his pinions. — Face to face
I've seen an angel, father, my own angel.

Nathan.

Recha deserves it, and would see in him
No fairer form than he beheld in her.

Gedz.

Whom are you flattering, father — tell me now —
The angel, or yourself?

Nathan.

Yet had a man,
A man of those whom Nature daily fashions,
Done you this service, he to you had seem'd,
Had been an angel.

Gedz.

No, not such a one.
Indeed it was a true and real angel.
And have not you yourself instructed me
How possible it is there may be angels;
That God for those who love him can work miracles —
And I do love him father —

Nathan.

And he thee;
And both for thee, and all like thee, my child,
Works daily wonders, from eternity
Has wrought them for you.

Gedz.

That I like to hear.

Gathen.

Well, and altho' it sounds quite natural,
An every day event, a simple story,
That you ~~were~~ by a real templar sav'd,
Is it the less a miracle? The greatest
Of all is this, that true and real wonders
Should happen so perpetually, so daily.
Without this universal miracle
A thinking man had scarcely call'd those such,
Which only children, Recha, ought to name so,
Who love to gape and stare at the unusual
And hunt for novelty —

Gedz.

Why will you then
With such vain subtleties, confuse her brain
Already overheated?

Gathen.

Let me manage —

And is it not enough then for my Recha
To owe her preservation to a man,
Whom no small miracle preserv'd himself.
For who e'er heard before that Saladin
Let go a templar; that a templar wish'd it,
Hop'd it, or for his ransom offer'd more
Than taunts, his leathern sword-belt, or his dagger?

Gedz.

That makes for me: these are so many reasons
He was no real knight, but only seem'd it.
If in Jerusalem no captive templar,
Appears alive, or freely wanders round,
How could I find one, in the night, to save me?

Gathān.

Ingenious! dextrous! Daya, come in aid.
It was from you I learnt he was a prisoner;
Doubtless you know still more about him, speak.

Daya.

'Tis but report indeed, but it is said
That Saladin bestow'd upon this youth
His gracious pardon for the strong resemblance
He bore a favourite brother — dead, I think —
These twenty years — his name, I know it not —
He fell, I don't know where — and all the story
Sounds so incredible, that very likely
The whole is mere invention, talk, romance.

Gathān.

And why incredible? Would you reject
This story, tho' indeed it's often done,
To fix on something more incredible,
And give that faith? Why should not Saladin,
Who loves so singularly all his kindred,
Have lov'd in early youth with warmer fondness
A brother now no more. Do we not see
Faces alike, and is an old impression
Therefore a lost one? Do resembling features
Not call up like emotions. Where's th' incredible?
Surely, sage Daya, this can be to thee
No miracle, or do *thy* wonders only ✓
Demand — I should have said *deserve* belief?

Daya.

You're on the bite.

Gathān.

Were you quite fair with me?
Yet even so, my Recha, thy escape
Remains a wonder, only possible

To Him, who of the proud pursuits of princes
Makes sport — or if not sport — at least delights
To lead and manage them by slender threads.

Guthn.

If I do err, it is not wilfully,
My father.

Guthn.

No, you have been always docile.
See now, a forehead vaulted thus, or thus —
A nose bow'd one way rather than another —
Eye-brows with straiter, or with sharper curve —
A line, a mole, a wrinkle, a mere nothing
I' th' countenance of an European savage —
And thou — art sav'd, in Asia, from the fire.
Ask ye for signs and wonders after that?
What need of calling angels into play?

Guthn.

But, Nathan, where's the harm, if I may speak,
Of fancying one's self by an angel sav'd,
Rather than by a man? Methinks it brings us
Just so much the nearer the incomprehensive
First cause of preservation.

Guthn.

Pride, rank pride!

The iron pot would with a silver prong
Be lifted from the furnace — to imagine
Itself a silver vase. Psha! Where's the harm?
Thou askest. Where's the good? I might reply.
For thy *it brings us nearer to the Godhead*
Is nonsense, Daya, if not blasphemy.
But it does harm: yes, yes, it does indeed.
Attend now. To the being, who preserv'd you,
Be he an angel or a man, you both,

And thou especially wouldest gladly show
Substantial services in just requital.
Now to an angel what great services
Have ye the power to do? To sing his praise —
Melt in transporting contemplation o'er him —
Fast on his holiday — and squander alms —
What nothingness of use! To me at least
It seems your neighbour gains much more than he
By all this pious glow. Not by your fasting
Is he made fat; not by your squandering, rich;
Nor by your transports is his glory exalted;
Nor by your faith, his might. But to a man —

Daya.

Why yes; a man indeed had furnish'd us
With more occasions to be useful to him.
God knows how readily we should have seiz'd them.
But then he would have nothing — wanted nothing —
Was in himself wrapt up, and self-sufficient,
As angels are.

Daya.

And, when at last he vanish'd —

Gathur.

Vanish'd? How vanish'd? Underneath the palms
Escap'd your view, and has return'd no more.
Or have you really sought for him elsewhere?

Daya.

No, that indeed we've not.

Gathur.

Not, Daya, not?

See it does harm, hard-hearted, cold enthusiasts,
What if this angel on a bed of illness —

Daya.

Illness?

Daya.

Ill! sure he is not.

Gephz.

A cold shudder

Creeps over me; O Daya, feel my forehead,
It was so warm, 'tis now as chill as ice.

Gathaz.

He is a Frank, unus'd to this hot climate,
Is young, and to the labors of his calling,
To fasting, watching, quite unus'd —

Gephz.

Ill — ill!

Daya.

Thy father only means 'twere possible.

Gathaz.

And there he lies without a friend, or money
To buy him friends —

Gephz.

Alas! my father.

Gathaz.

Lies

Without advice, attendance, converse, pity,
The prey of agony, of death —

Gephz.

Where — where?

Gathaz.

He, who, for one he never knew, or saw —
It is enough for him he is a man —
Plung'd into fire.

Daya.

O Nathan, Nathan, spare her.

Gathaz.

Who car'd not to know ought of her he sav'd,
Declin'd her presence to escape her thanks —

Boga.

Do, spare her!

Gatzen.

Did not wish to see her more,
Unless it were a second time to save her—
Enough for him he is a man—

Boga.

Stop, look!

Gatzen.

He—he, in death, has nothing to console him,
But the remembrance of this deed.

Boga.

You kill her!

Gatzen.

And you kill him—or might have done at least—
Recha 'tis medicine I give, not poison.
He lives—come to thyself—may not be ill—
Not even ill—

Boga.

Surely not dead, not dead.

Gatzen.

Dead surely not—for God rewards the good
Done here below, here too. Go; but remember
How easier far devout enthusiasm is
Than a good action; and how willingly
Our indolence takes up with pious rapture,
Tho' at the time unconscious of its end,
Only to save the toil of useful deeds.



Boga.

Oh never leave again thy child alone!—
But can he not be only gone a journey?

Gatzen.

Yes, very likely. There's a mussulman

Numbering with curious eye my laden camels,
Do you know who he is?

Sage.

Oh, your old dervis.

Gather.

Who — who?

Sage.

Your chess-companion.

Gather.

That, Al-Hafi?

Sage.

And now the treasurer of Saladin.

Gather.

Al-Hafi? Are you dreaming? How was this?
In fact it is so. He seems coming hither.
In with you quick. — What now am I to hear?

Gather and Hafi.

Hafi.

Aye, lift thine eyes, and wonder.

Gather.

Is it you?

A dervis so magnificent! —

Hafi.

Why not?

Can nothing then be made out of a dervis?

Gather.

Yes, surely; but I have been wont to think
A dervis, that's to say a thoro' dervis,
Will allow nothing to be made of him.

Hafi.

May-be 'tis true that I'm no thoro' dervis;
But, by the prophet, when we must —

Nathan.

Must, Hafi?

Needs must — belongs to no man: and a dervis —

Hafi.

When he is much besought, and thinks it right,
A dervis must.

Nathan.

Well spoken, by our God!

Embrace me, man, you're still, I trust, my friend.

Hafi.

Why not ask first what has been made of me?

Nathan.

Ask climbers to look back!

Hafi.

And may I not

Have grown to such a creature in the state
That my old friendship is no longer welcome?

Nathan.

If you still bear your dervis-heart about you
I'll run the risk of that. Th' official robe
Is but your cloak.

Hafi.

A cloak, that claims some honor.

What think'st thou? At a court of thine, how great
Had been Al-Hafi?

Nathan.

Nothing but a dervis.

If more, perhaps — what shall I say — my cook.

Hafi.

In order to unlearn my native trade.
Thy cook — why not thy butler too? The sultan,
He knows me better, I'm his treasurer.

Nathan.

You, you?

Sufi.

Mistake not — of the lesser purse —
His father manages the greater still —
The purser of his household.

Nathan.

That's not small.

Sufi.

'Tis larger than thou think'st; for every beggar
Is of his household.

Nathan.

He's so much their foe —

Sufi.

That he'd fain root them out — with food and raiment —
Tho' he turn beggar in the enterprize.

Nathan.

Bravo, I meant so.

Sufi.

And he's almost such.

His treasury is every day, ere sun-set,
Poorer than empty; and how high so e'er
Flows in the morning tide, 'tis ebb by noon.

Nathan.

Because it circulates thro' such canals
As can be neither stopp'd, nor fill'd.

Sufi.

Thou hast it.

Nathan.

I know it well.

Sufi.

Nathan, 'tis woeful doing
When kings are vultures amid carcases:

But when they're carcases amid the vultures
'Tis ten times worse.

Nathan.

No, dervis, no, no, no. ✓

Hafī.

Thou mayst well talk so. Now then, let me hear
What wouldest thou give me to resign my office?

Nathan.

What does it bring you in?

Hafī.

To me, not much;
But thee, it might indeed enrich: for when,
As often happens, money is at ebb,
Thou couldst unlock thy sluices, make advances,
And take in form of interest all thou wilt.

Nathan.

And interest upon interest of the interest —

Hafī.

Certainly.

Nathan.

Till my capital becomes
All interest.

Hafī.

How — that does not take with thee?
Then write a finis to our book of friendship;
For I have reckon'd on thee.

Nathan.

How so, Hafī?

Hafī.

That thou wouldest help me to go thro' my office
With credit, grant me open chest with thee —
Dost shake thy head?

Hathun.

Let's understand each other.

Here's a distinction to be made. To you,
To dervis Hafi, all I have is open;
But to the defterdar of Saladin,
To that Al-Haf —

Hafi.

Spoken like thyself!

Thou hast been ever no less kind than cautious.
The two Al-Hafis thou distinguishest
Shall soon be parted. See this coat of honor,
Which Saladin bestow'd — before 'tis worn
To rags, and suited to a dervis' back, —
Will in Jerusalem hang upon the hook;
While I along the Ganges scorching strand,
Amid my teachers shall be wandering barefoot.

Hathun.

That's like you.

Hafi.

Or be playing chess among them.

Hathun.

Your sovereign good.

Hafi.

What dost thou think seduc'd me?
The wish of having not to beg in future —
The pride of acting the rich man to beggars —
Would these have metamorphos'd a rich beggar
So suddenly into a poor rich man?

Hathun.

No, I think not.

Hafi.

A sillier, sillier weakness.
For the first time my vanity was tempter,
Flatter'd by Saladin's good-hearted notion —

Nathan.

Which was?

Hafi.

That all a beggar's wants are only
Known to a beggar: such alone can tell
How to relieve them usefully and wisely.
"Thy predecessor was too cold for me,
"(He said) and when he gave, he gave unkindly;
"Informed himself with too cautious strictness
"Concerning the receiver, not content
"To learn the want, unless he knew its cause,
"And measuring out by that his niggard bounty.
"Thou wilt not thus bestow. So harshly kind
"Shall Saladin not seem in thee. Thou art not
"Like the choak'd pipe, whence sullied and by spurts
"Flow the pure waters it absorbs in silence.
"Al-Hafi thinks and feels like me." So nicely
The fowler whistled, that at last the quail
Ran to his net. Cheated, and by a cheat—

Nathan.

Tush! dervis, gently.

Hafi.

What! and is't not cheating,
Thus to oppress mankind by hundred thousands,
To squeeze, grind, plunder, butcher, and torment,
And act philanthropy to individuals?—
Not cheating — thus to ape from the Most High,
The bounty, which alike on mead and desert,
Upon the just and the unrighteous, falls
In sunshine or in showers, and not possess
The never empty hand of the Most High?—
Not cheating —

Nathan.

Cease!

Hafi.

Of my own cheating sure
It is allow'd to speak. Were it not cheating
To look for the fair side of these impostures,
In order, under color of its fairness,
To gain advantage from them — ha?

Gathen.

Al-Hafi,
Go to your desert quickly. Among men
I fear you'll soon unlearn to be a man.

Hafi.

And so do I — farewell.

Gathen.

What, so abruptly?
Stay, stay, Al-Hafi; has the desert wings?
Man, 'twill not run away, I warrant you —
Hear, hear, I want you — want to talk with you —
He's gone. I could have liked to question him
About our templar. He will likely know him.

Gathen and Daya.

Daya (bursting in).

O Nathan, Nathan!

Gathen.
Well, what now?

Daya.

He's there.

He shows himself again.

Gathen.
Who, Daya, who?

Daya.

He! he!

Gathun.

When cannot He be seen? Indeed
Your He is only one; that should not be,
Were he an angel even.

Sage.

'Neath the palms
He wanders up and down, and gathers dates.

Gathun.

And eats? — and as a templar?

Sage.

How you tease us!
Her eager eye esp'y'd him long ago,
While he scarce gleam'd between the further stems,
And follows him most punctually. Go,
She begs, conjures you, go without delay;
And from the window will make signs to you
Which way his rovings bend. Do, do make haste.

Gathun.

What thus, as I alighted from my camel,
Would that be decent? Swift, do you accost him,
Tell him of my return. I do not doubt,
His delicacy, in the master's absence,
Forbore my house; but gladly will accept
The father's invitation. Say, I ask him,
Most heartily request him —

Sage.

All in vain!
In short he will not visit any jew.

Gathun.

Then do thy best endeavours to detain him,
Or with thine eyes to watch his further haunt,
Till I rejoin you. I shall not be long.

SCENE. — A Place of Palms.

The Templar walking to and fro, a Friar following him at some distance, as if desirous of addressing him.

Templar.

This fellow does not follow me for pastime.
How skaunt he eyes his hands! Well, my good brother,
Perhaps I should say, father; ought I not?

Friar.

No — brother — a lay-brother at your service.

Templar.

Well, brother, then; if I myself had something —
But — but, by God, I've nothing.

Friar.

Thanks the same;
And God reward your purpose thousand-fold!
The will, and not the deed, makes up the giver.
Nor was I sent to follow you for alms —

Templar.

Sent then?

Friar.

Yes, from the monastery.

Templar.

Where

I was just now in hopes of coming in
For pilgrims' fare.

Friar.

They were already at table:
But if it suit with you to turn directly —

Templar.

Why so? 'tis true, I have not tasted meat
This long time. What of that? The dates are ripe.

Sir.

O with that fruit go cautiously to work.
Too much of it is hurtful, sours the humors,
Makes the blood melancholy.

Templar.

And if I
Choose to be melancholy — For this warning
You were not sent to follow me, I ween.

Sir.

Oh no: I only was to ask about you,
And feel your pulse a little.

Templar.

And you tell me
Of that yourself?

Sir.

Why not?

Templar.

A deep one! troth:
And has your cloister more such?

Sir.

I can't say.

Obedience is our bounden duty.

Templar.

So —

And you obey without much scrupulous questioning?

Sir.

Were it obedience else, good Sir?

Templar.

How is it

The simple mind is ever in the right.
May you inform me, who it is, that wishes
To know more of me? 'Tis not you yourself,
I dare be sworn.

Friar.

Would it become me, Sir,
Or benefit me?

Templar.

Whom can it become,
Whom can it benefit, to be so curious?

Friar.

The patriarch I presume — 'twas he that sent me.

Templar.

The patriarch? Knows he not my badge, the cross
Of red on the white mantle?

Friar.

Can I say?

Templar.

Well, brother, well; I am a templar, taken
Prisoner at Tebnin, whose exalted fortress,
Just as the truce expir'd, we sought to climb,
In order to push forward next to Sidon.
I was the twentieth captive, but the only
Pardon'd by Saladin — with this, the patriarch
Knows all, or more, than his occasions ask.

Friar.

And yet no more than he already knows,
I think. But why alone of all the captives
Thou hast been spar'd, he fain would learn —

Templar.

Can I

Myself tell that? Already, with bare neck,
I kneel'd upon my mantle, and awaited
The blow; when Saladin, with steadfast eye
Fix'd me, sprang nearer to me, made a sign —
I was uprais'd, unbound, about to thank him, —
And saw his eye in tears. Both stand in silence.

He goes. I stay. How all this hangs together,
Thy patriarch may unriddle.

Friar.

He concludes,
That God preserv'd you for some mighty deed.

Templar.

Some mighty deed? To save out of the fire
A jewish girl — to usher curious pilgrims
About mount Sinai — to —

Friar.

The time may come —
And this is no such trifle — but perhaps
The patriarch meditates a weightier office.

Templar.

Think you so, brother, has he hinted ought?

Friar.

Why yes; I was to sift you out a little,
And hear if you were one to —

Templar.

Well — to what?
I'm curious to observe how this man sifts.

Friar.

The shortest way will be to tell you plainly
What are the patriarch's wishes.

Templar.

And they are —

Friar.

To send a letter by your hand.

Templar.

By me?

I am no carrier. And were that an office

More meritorious than to save from burning
A Jewish maid?

Friar.

So it should seem; must seem —
For, says the patriarch, to all Christendom
This letter is of import: — and to bear it
Safe to its destination, says the patriarch,
God will reward with a peculiar crown
In heaven: — and of this crown, the patriarch says,
No one is worthier than you: —

Templar.

Than I?

Friar.

For none so able, and so fit to earn
This crown, the patriarch says, as you.

Templar.

As I?

Friar.

The patriarch here is free, can look about him,
And knows, he says, how cities may be storm'd,
And how defended; knows, he says, the strengths
And weaknesses of Saladin's new bulwark,
And of the inner rampart last thrown up;
And to the warriors of the Lord, he says,
Could clearly point them out; —

Templar.

And can I know
Exactly the contents of this same letter?

Friar.

Why that I don't pretend to vouch exactly —
'Tis to king Philip: and our patriarch —
I often wonder how this holy man,
Who lives so wholly to his God and heaven,

Can stoop to be so well inform'd about
Whatever passes here — 'Tis a hard task!

Templar.

Well — and your patriarch —

Friar.

Knows, with great precision,
And from sure hands, how, when, and with what force,
And in which quarter, Saladin, in case
The war breaks out afresh, will take the field.

Templar.

He knows that?

Friar.

Yes; and would acquaint king Philip,
That he may better calculate, if really
The danger be so great as to require
Him to renew at all events the truce
So bravely broken by your body.

Templar.

So?

This is a patriarch indeed! He wants
No common messenger; he wants a spy.
Go tell your patriarch, brother, I am not,
As far as you can sift, the man to suit him.
I still esteem myself a prisoner, and
A templar's only calling is to fight,
And not to ferret out intelligence.

Friar.

That's much as I suppos'd, and, to speak plainly,
Not to be blam'd. The best is yet behind.
The patriarch has made out the very fortress,
Its name, and strength, and site on Libanon,
Wherein the mighty sums are now conceal'd,

With which the prudent father of the sultan
 Provides the cost of war, and pays the army.
 He knows that Saladin, from time to time,
 Goes to this fortress, thro' by-ways and passes,
 With few attendants.

Templar.

Well —

Sir.

How easy 'twere
 To seize his person in these expeditions,
 And make an end of all! You shudder, Sir —
 Two Maronites, who fear the Lord, have offer'd
 To share the danger of the enterprize,
 Under a proper leader.

Templar.

And the patriarch
 Had cast his eye on me for this brave office?

Sir.

He thinks king Philip might from Ptolemais
 Best second such a deed.

Templar.

On me? on me?
 Have you not heard then, just now heard, the favor,
 Which I receiv'd from Saladin?

Sir.

O yes!

Templar.

And yet?

Sir.

The patriarch thinks — that's mighty well —
 God, and the order's interest —

Templar.

Alter nothing,

Command no villainies.

Friar.

No, that indeed not;

But what is villainy in human eyes
May in the sight of God, the patriarch thinks,
Not be —

Templar.

I owe my life to Saladin,
And might take his?

Friar.

That — fie! But Saladin,
The patriarch thinks, is yet the common foe
Of Christendom, and cannot earn a right
To be your friend.

Templar.

My friend — because I will not
Behave, like an ungrateful scoundrel to him.

Friar.

Yet gratitude, the patriarch thinks, is not
A debt, before the eye of God, or man,
Unless for our own sakes the benefit
Had been conferr'd; and, it has been reported,
The patriarch understands, that Saladin
Preserv'd your life, merely because your voice,
Your air, or features, rais'd a recollection
Of his lost brother.

Templar.

He knows this? and yet —
If it were sure, I should — ah Saladin!
How! and shall nature then have form'd in me
A single feature in thy brother's likeness,

With nothing in my soul to answer to it?
 Or what does correspond shall I suppress
 To please a patriarch? So thou dost not cheat us,
 Nature — and so not contradict thyself,
 Kind God of all.— Go, brother, go away:
 Do not stir up my anger.

Sister.

I withdraw
 More gladly than I came. We cloister-folk
 Are forc'd to vow obedience to superiors.

[Goes.]

Templar and Baye.

Baye.

The monk methinks left him in no good mood:
 But I must risk my message.

Templar.

Better still!

The proverb says: that monks and women are
 The devil's clutches; and I'm tost to-day
 From one to th' other.

Baye.

Whom do I behold?—

Thank God! I see you, noble knight, once more.
 Where have you lurk'd this long, long space? You've not
 Been ill?

Templar.

No.

Baye.

Well, then?

Templar.

Yes.

Bagoz.
We've all been anxious,
Lest something ail'd you.

Templar.
So?

Bagoz.
Have you been journeying?

Hit off!

Bagoz.
How long return'd?

Templar.
Since yesterday.

Bagoz.
Our Recha's father too is just return'd,
And now may Recha hope at last —

Templar.
For what?

Bagoz.
For what she often has requested of you.
Her father pressingly invites your visit.
He now arrives from Babylon, with twenty
High-laden camels, brings the curious drugs,
And precious stones, and stuffs, he has collected
From Syria, Persia, India, even China.

Templar.
I am no chap.

Bagoz.
His nation honors him,
As if he were a prince, and yet to hear him
Call'd the *wise* Nathan by them, not the *rich*,
Has often made me wonder.

Complar.

To his nation
Are rich and wise perhaps of equal import.

Gaga.

But above all he should be call'd the good.
You can't imagine how much goodness dwells
Within him. Since he has been told the service
You render'd to his Recha, there is nothing
That he would grudge you.

Complar.

Aye?

Gaga.

Do, see him, try him.

Complar.

A burst of feeling soon is at an end.

Gaga.

And do you think that I, were he less kind,
Less bountiful, had hous'd with him so long:
That I don't feel my value as a christian:
For 'twas not o'er my cradle said, or sung,
That I to Palestina should pursue
My husband's steps, only to educate
A jewess. My husband was a noble page
In emperor Frederic's army.

Complar.

And by birth
A Switzer, who obtain'd the gracious honor
Of drowning in one river with his master.
Woman how often you have told me this!
Will you ne'er leave off persecuting me?

Gaga.

My Jesus! persecute —

Templar.

Aye, persecute.

Observe then, I henceforward will not see,
Not hear you, nor be minded of a deed
Over and over, which I did unthinking,
And which, when thought about, I wonder at.
I wish not to repent it; but, remember,
Should the like accident occur again,
'Twill be your fault if I proceed more coolly,
Ask a few questions, and let burn what's burning.

Sayn.

My God forbid!

Templar.

From this day forth, good woman,
Do me at least the favor not to know me:
I beg it of you: and don't send the father.
A jew's a jew, and I am rude, and bearish.
The image of the maid is quite erased
Out of my soul — if it was ever there —

Sayn.

But your's remains with her.

Templar.

Why so — what then —
Wherefore give harbour to it? —

Sayn.

Who knows wherefore?

Men are not always what they seem to be.

Templar.

They're seldom better than they seem to be.

Sayn.

Ben't in this hurry.

Templar.

Pray, forbear to make
These palm-trees odious. I have lov'd to walk here.

Sage.

Farewell then, bear. Yet I must track the savage.

ACT II.

SCENE. — The Sultan's Palace. — An outer-room
of Sittah's apartment.

Saladin and Sittah, playing chess.

Sittah.

Wherefore so absent, brother? How you play!

Saladin.

Not well? I thought —

Sittah.

Yes; very well for me.

Take back that move.

Saladin.

Why?

Sittah.

Don't you see the knight

Becomes expos'd?

Saladin.

'Tis true: then so.

Sittah.

And so

I take the pawn.

Saladin.

That's true again. Then, check!

Sitt'n'g.

That cannot help you. When my king is castled
All will be safe.

Saladin.

But out of my dilemma
'Tis not so easy to escape unhurt.
Well, you must have the knight.

Sitt'n'g.

I will not have him,
I pass him by.

Saladin.

In that, there's no forbearance:
The place is better than the piece.

Sitt'n'g.

May be.

Saladin.

Beware you reckon not without your host;
This stroke you did not think of.

Sitt'n'g.

No indeed;
I did not think you tired of your queen.

Saladin.

My queen?

Sitt'n'g.

Well, well, I find that I to-day
Shall earn a thousand dinars to an asper.

Saladin.

How so, my sister?

Sitt'n'g.

Play the ignorant —
As if it were not purposely thou losest.
I find not my account in 't; for, besides
That such a game yields very little pastime,

When have I not, by losing, won with thee?
 When hast thou not, by way of comfort to me
 For my lost game, presented twice the stake?

Saladin.

So that it may have been on purpose, sister,
 That thou hast lost at times.

Sittah.

At least, my brother's
 Great liberality may be one cause
 Why I improve no faster.

Saladin.

We forget
 The game before us: let us make an end of it.

Sittah.

I move — So — Now then — Check! and check again!

Saladin.

This countercheck I wasn't aware of, Sittah,
 My queen must fall the sacrifice.

Sittah.

Let's see —

Could it be help'd?

Saladin.

No, no, take off the queen!
 That is a piece, which never thrives with me.

Sittah.

Only that piece?

Saladin.

Off with it! I shan't miss it.
 Thus I guard all again.

Sittah.

How civilly
 We should behave to queens, my brother's lessons
 Have taught me but too well.

S^zladin.

Take her, or not,

I stir the piece no more.

Sittah.

Why should I take her?

Check!

S^zladin.

Go on.

Sittah.

Check! —

S^zladin.

And check-mate?

Sittah.

Hold! not yet.

You may advance the knight, and ward the danger,
Or, as you will — it is all one.

S^zladin.

It is so.

You are the winner, and Al-Hafi pays.
Let him be call'd. Sittah, you was not wrong;
I seem to recollect I was unmindful —
A little absent. One isn't always willing
To dwell upon some shapeless bits of wood
Coupled with no idea. Yet the Imam,
When I play with him, bends with such abstraction.—
The loser seeks excuses. Sittah, 'twas not
The shapeless men, and the unmeaning squares,
That made me heedless — your dexterity,
Your calm sharp eye.

Sittah.

And what of that, good brother,
Is that to be th' excuse for your defeat?
Enough — you play'd more absently than I.

Saladin.

Than you, what dwells upon your mind? my Sittah.
Not your own cares, I doubt—

Sittah.

O Saladin,
When shall we play again so constantly?

Saladin.

An interruption will but whet our zeal.
You think of the campaign. Well, let it come.
It was not I, who first unsheathe'd the sword.
I would have willingly prolong'd the truce,
And willingly have knit a closer bond,
A lasting one, have given to my Sittah
A husband worthy of her, Richard's brother.

Sittah.

You love to talk of Richard.

Saladin.

Richard's sister
Might then have been allotted to our Melek.
O what a house that would have form'd — the first —
The best — and what is more — of earth the happiest!
You know I am not loath to praise myself;
Why should I — Of my friends am I not worthy?
O we had then led lives!

Sittah.

A pretty dream.

It makes me smile. You do not know the christians.
You will not know them. 'Tis this people's pride
Not to be men, but to be christians. Even
What of humane their founder felt, and taught,
And left to savour their fond superstition,
They value not because it is humane,
Lovely, and good for man; they only prize it

Because 'twas Christ who taught it, Christ who did it.
'Tis well for them he was so good a man:
Well that they take his goodness all for granted,
And in his virtues put their trust. His virtues—
'Tis not his virtues, but his name alone *-thrust?
They wish to trust upon us— 'Tis his name
Which they desire should overspread the world,
Should swallow up the name of all good men,
And put the best to shame. 'Tis his mere name
They care for—

Suladin.

Else, my Sittah, as thou sayst,
They would not have requir'd that thou, and Melek,
Should be called christians, ere you might be suffer'd,
To feel for christians conjugal affection.

Sittah.

As if from christians only, and as christians,
That love could be expected, which our maker
In man and woman for each other planted.

Suladin.

The christians do believe such idle notions,
They well might fancy this: and yet thou arrest.
The templars, not the christians, are in fault.
'Tis not as christians, but as templars, that
They thwart my purpose. They alone prevent it.
They will on no account evacuate Acca,
Which was to be the dower of Richard's sister,
And, lest their order suffer, use this cant—
Bring into play the nonsense of the monk—
And scarcely would await the truce's end
To fall upon us. Go on so—go on,
To me you're welcome, Sirs. Would all things else
Went but as right!

Sittah.
What else should trouble thee,
If this do not?

Saladin.
Why that, which ever has.
I've been on Libanon, and seen our father.
He's full of care.

Sittah.
Alas!
Saladin.
He can't make shift,
Straiken'd on all sides, put off, disappointed;
Nothing comes in.

Sittah.
What fails him, Saladin?
Saladin.
What? but the thing I scarcely deign to name,
Which, when I have it, so superfluous seems,
And, when I have it not, so necessary.
Where is Al-Hafi then — this fatal money —
O welcome, Hafi!

Zufi, Saladin, and Sittah.

Zufi.
I suppose the gold
From Egypt is arriv'd.

Saladin.
Hast tidings of it?
Zufi.
I? no not I. I thought to have ta'en it here.
Saladin.
To Sittah pay a thousand dinars.

Hafi.

Pay?

And not receive — that's something less than nothing —
To Sittah and again to Sittah — and
Once more for loss at chess? Is this your game?

Sittah.

Dost grudge me my good fortune?

Hafi (*examining the board*).

Grudge! you know —

Sittah (*making signs to Hafi*).
Hush, Hafi, hush!

Hafi.

And were the white men yours?
You gave the check?

Sittah.

'Tis well he does not hear.

Hafi.

And he to move?

Sittah (*approaching Hafi*).

Say then aloud that I
Shall have my money.

Hafi (*still considering the game*).

Yes, yes! you shall have it —
As you have always had it.

Sittah.

Are you crazy?

Hafi.

The game is not decided; Saladin,
You have not lost.

Saladin (*scarcely hearkening*).

Well, well — pay, pay.

Hafi.

Pay, pay —

There stands your queen.

Saladin (still walking about).

It boots not, she is useless.

Sittah (low to Hafi).

Do say that I may send and fetch the gold.

Hafi.

Aye, aye, as usual — But altho' the queen
Be useless, you are by no means check-mate.

Saladin (dashes down the board).

I am. I will then —

Hafi.

So! small pains, small gains;
As got, so spent.

Saladin (to Sittah).

What is he muttering there?

Sittah (to Saladin, winking meanwhile to Hafi).
You know him well, and his unyielding way.
He chooses to be pray'd to — may be he's envious —

Saladin.

No not of thee, not of my sister, surely.
What do I hear, Al-Hafi, are you envious?

Hafi.

Perhaps. I'd rather have her head than mine,
Or her heart either.

Sittah.

Ne'ertheless, my brother,
He pays me right, and will again to-day.
Let him alone. There, go away Al-Hafi,
I'll send and fetch my dinars.

Hafi.

No, I will not,

I will not act this farce a moment longer:
He shall, must know it.

Seladin.

Who? what?

Sittah.

O Al-Hafi,

Is this thy promise, this thy keeping word?

Hafi.

How could I think it was to go so far?

Seladin.

Well, what am I to know?

Sittah.

I pray thee, Hafi,

Be more discreet.

Seladin.

That's very singular.

And what can Sittah then so earnestly,
So warmly have to sue for from a stranger,
A dervis, rather than from me, her brother?
Al-Hafi, I command. Dervis, speak out.

Sittah.

Let not a trifle, brother, touch you nearer
Than is becoming. You know I have often
Won the same sum of you at chess, and, as
I have not just at present need of money,
I've left the sum at rest in Hafi's chest,
Which is not over full; and thus the stakes
Are not yet taken out — but, never fear,
It is not my intention to bestow them
On thee, or Hafi.

Hafi.

Were it only this —

Sitti^b.

Some more such trifles are perhaps unclaim'd,
My own allowance, which you set apart,
Has lain some months untouched.

Hafi.

Nor is that all —

Saladin.

Nor yet — speak then!

Hafi.

Since we have been expecting
The treasure out of Egypt, she not only —

Sitti^b.

Why listen to him?

Hafi.

Has not had an asper; —

Saladin.

Good creature — but, has been advancing to thee —

Hafi.

Has at her sole expense maintain'd thy state.

Saladin. (embracing her).

My sister — ah!

Sitti^b.

And who but you, my brother,
Could make me rich enough to have the power?

Hafi.

And in a little time again will leave thee
Poor as himself.

Saladin.

I, poor — her brother, poor?

When had I more, when less than at this instant?

A cloak, a horse, a sabre, and *God!* —

What need I else? With them what can be wanting?

And yet, Al-Hafi, I could quarrel with thee

For this.

Sittah.

A truce to that, my brother. Were it
As easy to remove our father's cares.

Sulbin.

Ah! now my joy thou hast at once abated;
To me there is, there can be, nothing wanting;
But, but to him — and, in him, to us all.
What shall I do? From Egypt may be nothing
Will come this long time. Why — God only knows.
We hear of no stir. To reduce, to spare,
I am quite willing for myself to stoop to,
Were it myself, and only I, should suffer —
But what can that avail? A cloak, a horse,
A sword, I ne'er can want; — as to my God,
He is not to be bought, he asks but little,
Only my heart. I had rely'd, Al-Hafi,
Upon a surplus in my chest.

Hafi.

A surplus?

And tell me, would you not have had me impal'd
Or hang'd at least, if you had found me out
In hoarding up a surplus. Deficits,
Those one may venture on.

Sulbin.

Well, but how next?
Could you have found out no one where to borrow
Unless of Sittah?

Sittah.

And would I have borne
To see the preference given to another?
I still lay claim to it. I am not as yet
Entirely bare.

Suladin.

Not yet entirely — This
Was wanting still. Go, turn thyself about;
Take where, and as, thou canst; be quick, Al-Hafi.
Borrow on promise, contract, any how;
But heed me — not of those I have enrich'd —
To borrow there might seem to ask it back.
Go to the covetous. They'll gladliest lend —
They know how well their money thrives with me —

Jufi.

I know none such.

Sittah.

I recollect just now
I heard Al-Hafi of thy friend's return.

Jufi (*startled*).

Friend — friend of mine — and who should that be?

Sittah.

Who?

Thy vaunted jew!

Jufi.

A jew — and prais'd by me?

Sittah.

To whom his God (I think I still retain
Thy own expression us'd concerning him)
To whom, of all the good things of this world,
His God in full abundance has bestow'd
The greatest and the least.

Jufi.

What could I mean

When I said so?

Sittah.

The least of good things, riches;
The greatest, wisdom.

Sæfi.
How — and of a jew

Could I say that?

Sittah.
Didst thou not — of thy Nathan?

Sæfi.
Hi ho! of him — of Nathan? At that moment
He did not come across me. But in fact,
He is at length come home; and, I suppose,
Is not ill off. His people us'd to call him
The wise — also the rich.

Sittah.
The rich, he's nam'd
Now more than ever. The whole town resounds
With news of jewels, costly stuffs, and stores,
That he brings back.

Sæfi.
Is he the rich again —
He'll be, no fear of it, once more the wise.

Sittah.
What thinkst thou, Hafi, of a call on him?

Sæfi.
On him — sure not to borrow — why, you know him —
He lend? Therein his very wisdom lies,
That he lends no one.

Sittah.
Formerly thou gav'st
A very different picture of this Nathan.

Sæfi.
In case of need he'll lend you merchandize,
But money, money, never. He's a jew,

There are but few such! he has understanding,
 Knows life, plays chess; but is in bad notorious
 Above his brethren, as he is in good.
 On him rely not. To the poor indeed
 He vies perhaps with Saladin in giving:
 Tho' he distributes less, he gives as freely,
 As silently, as nobly, to jew, christian,
 Mahometan, or parsee — 'tis all one.

Sittu^b.

And such a man should be —

Saladin.

How comes it then
 I never heard of him?

Sittu^b.

Should be unwilling
 To lend to Saladin, who wants for others,
 Not for himself?

Gufi.

Aye there peeps out the jew,
 The ordinary jew. Believe me, prince,
 He's jealous, really envious of your giving.
 To earn God's favor seems his very business.
 He lends not, that he may always have to give.
 The law commandeth mercy, not compliance:
 And thus for mercy's sake he's uncomplying.
 'Tis true, I am not now on the best terms
 With Nathan, but, I must entreat you, think not
 That therefore I would do injustice to him.
 He's good in every thing; but not in that —
 Only in that. I'll knock at other doors.
 I just have recollect'd an old moor,
 Who's rich and covetous — I go — I go.

Sittah.
Why in such hurry, Hafi?

Saladin.
s Let him go.

Saladin and Sittah.

Sittah.
He hastens, like a man, who would escape me;
Why so? Was he indeed deceiv'd in Nathan,
Or does he play upon us?

Saladin.
Can I guess?
I scarcely know of whom you have been talking,
And hear to-day, for the first time, of Nathan.

Sittah.
Is't possible the man were hid from thee,
Of whom, 'tis said, he has found out the tombs
Of Solomon and David, knows the word
That lifts their marble lids, and thence obtains
The golden oil and that feeds his shining pomp.

Saladin.
Were this man's wealth by miracle created,
'Tis not at David's tomb, or Solomon's,
That 'twould be wrought. Not virtuous men lie there.

Sittah.
His source of opulence is more productive,
And more exhaustless than a cave of Mammon.

Saladin.
He trades, I hear.

Sittah.
His ships fill every harbour;
His caravans thro' every desert toil.

This has Al-Hafi told me long ago:
 With transport adding then — how nobly Nathan
 Bestows what he esteems it not a meanness
 By prudent industry to have justly earn'd —
 How free from prejudice his lofty soul —
 His heart to every virtue how unlock'd —
 With every lovely feeling how familiar.

Saladin.

Yet Hafi spake just now so coldly of him.

Sittib.

Not coldly; but with awkwardness, confusion,
 As if he thought it dangerous to praise him,
 And yet knew not to blame him undeserving.
 Or can it really be that e'en the best
 Among a people cannot quite escape
 The tinges of the tribe; and that, in fact,
 Al-Hafi has in this to blush for Nathan?
 Be that as't may — be he the jew or no —
 Is he but rich — that is enough for us.

Saladin.

You would not, sister, take his wealth by force.

Sittib.

What do you mean by force — fire, sword? O no!
 What force is necessary with the weak
 But their own weakness? Come awhile with me
 Into my harem: I have bought a songstress,
 You have not heard her, she came yesterday:
 Meanwhile I'll think somewhat about a project
 I have upon this Nathan. Follow, brother.

SCENE. — The Place of Palms, close to Nathan's House.

Nathan, attir'd, comes out with Recha.

Recha.

You have been so very slow, my dearest father,
You now will hardly be in time to find him.

Nathan.

Well, if not here beneath the palms; yet, surely,
Elsewhere. My child, be satisfied. See, see,
Is not that Daya making towards us?

Recha.

She certainly has lost him then.

Nathan.

Why so?

Recha.

Else she'd walk quicker.

Nathan.

She may not have seen us.

Recha.

There, now she sees us.

Nathan.

And her speed redoubles.

Be calm, my Recha.

Recha.

Would you have your daughter
Be cool and unconcern'd who 'twas that sav'd her,
Heed not to whom is due the life she prizes
Chiefly because she ow'd it first to thee?

Nathan.

I would not wish thee other than thou art,
E'en if I knew that in thy secret soul
A very different emotion throbs.

Gedhū.
Why — what my father?

Gathān.
Dost thou ask of me,
So tremblingly of me, what passes in thee?
Whatever 'tis, 'tis innocence and nature.
Be not alarm'd, it gives me no alarm;
But promise me that, when thy heart shall speak
A plainer language, thou wilt not conceal
A single of thy wishes from my fondness.

Gedhū.
O the mere possibility of wishing
Rather to veil and hide them makes me shudder.

Gathān.
Let this be spoken once for all. Well Daya —

Gathān, Gedhū, and Daya.

Daya.
He still is here beneath the palms, and soon
Will reach yon wall. See, there he comes.

Gedhū. And seems
Irresolute where next; if left or right.

Daya.
I know he mostly passes to the convent,
And therefore comes this path. What will you lay me?

Gedhū.
O yes he does. And did you speak to him?
How did he seem to-day?

Daya. As heretofore.

Nathan.

Don't let him see you with me: further back;
Or rather to the house.

Geoff.

Just one peep more.
Now the hedge steals him from me.

Daya.

Come away.

Your father's in the right — should he perceive us,
'Tis very probable he'll tack about.

Geoff.

But for the hedge —

Nathan.

Now he emerges from it.
He can't but see you: hence — I ask it of you.

Daya.

I know a window whence we yet may —

Geoff.

Aye.

[*Goes in with Daya.*

Nathan.

I'm almost shy of this strange fellow, almost
Shrink back from his rough virtue. That one man
Should ever make another man feel awkward!
And yet — He's coming — ha! — by God, the youth
Looks like a man. I love his daring eye,
His open gait. May be the shell is bitter;
But not the kernel surely. I have seen
Some such, methinks. Forgive me, noble Frank.

Nathan and Templar.

Templar.

What?

Nathan.

Give me leave.

Templar.

Well, jew, what wouldst thou have?

Nathan.

The liberty of speaking to you.

Templar.

So —

Can I prevent it? Quick then, what's your business?

Nathan.

Patience — nor hasten quite so proudly by
A man, who has not merited contempt,
And whom, for evermore, you've made your debtor.

Templar.

How so? Perhaps I guess — No — Are you then —

Nathan.

My name is Nathan, father to the maid
Your generous courage snatch'd from circling flames,
And hasten —

Templar.

If with thanks, keep, keep them all.
Those little things I've had to suffer much from:
Too much already, far. And, after all,
You owe me nothing. Was I ever told
She was your daughter? 'Tis a templar's duty
To rush to the assistance of the first
Poor wight that needs him; and my life just then
Was quite a burden. I was mighty glad

To risk it for another; tho' it were
That of a jewess.

Nathan.

Noble, and yet shocking!
The turn might be expected. Modest greatness
Wears willingly the mask of what is shocking
To scare off admiration: but, altho'
She may disdain the tribute, admiration,
Is there no other tribute she can bear with?
Knight, were you here not foreign, not a captive,
I would not ask so freely. Speak, command,
I what can I be useful?

Templar.

You — in nothing.

Nathan.

I'm rich.

Templar.

To me the richer jew ne'er seem'd
The better jew.

Nathan.

Is that a reason why
You should not use the better part of him,
His wealth?

Templar.

Well, well, I'll not refuse it wholly,
For my poor mantle's sake — when that is threadbare,
And spite of darning will not hold together,
I'll come and borrow cloth, or money of thee,
To make me up a new one. Don't look solemn;
The danger is not pressing; 'tis not yet
At the last gasp, but tight and strong and good,
Save this poor corner, where an ugly spot
You see is singed upon it. It got singed
As I bore off your daughter from the fire.

Gathen (taking hold of the mantle).
"Tis singular that such an ugly spot
Bears better testimony to the man,
Than his own mouth. This brand — O I could kiss it!
Your pardon — that I meant not.

Cemplur.

What?

Gathen.

A tear

Fell on the spot.

Cemplur.

You'll find up more such tears —
(This jew methinks begins to work upon me).

Gathen.

Would you send once this mantle to my daughter?

Cemplur.

Why?

Gathen.

That her lips may cling to this dear speck;
For at her benefactor's feet to fall,
I find, she hopes in vain.

Cemplur.

But, jew, your name

You said was Nathan — Nathan, you can join
Your words together cunningly — right well —
I am confused — in fact — I would have been —

Gathen.

Twist, writhe, disguise you, as you will, I know you,
You were too honest, knight, to be more civil;
A girl all feeling, and a she-attendant
All complaisance, a father at a distance —
You valued her good name, and would not see her.
You scorn'd to try her, lest you should be victor;
For that I also thank you.

Templar.

I confess,

You know how templars ought to think.

Gathen.

Still templars—

And only *ought* to think — and all because
The rules and vows enjoin it to the *order* —
I know how good men think — know that all lands
Produce good men.

Templar.

But not without distinction.

Gathen.

In color, dress, and shape, perhaps, distinguish'd.

Templar.

Here more, there fewer sure?

Gathen.

That boots not much.

The great man everywhere has need of room.

Too many set together only serve
To crush each others' branches. Middling good,
As we are, spring up everywhere in plenty.
Only let one not scar and bruise the other;
Let not the gnarl be angry with the stump;
Let not the upper branch alone pretend
Not to have started from the common earth.

Templar.

Well said: and yet, I trust, you know the nation,
That first began to strike at fellow men,
That first baptiz'd itself the chosen people —
How now if I were — not to hate this people,
Yet for its pride could not forbear to scorn it,
The pride which it to mussulman and christian
Bequeath'd, as were its God alone the true one.

You start, that I, a christian, and a templar,
 Talk thus. Where, when, has e'er the pious rage
 To own the better god — on the whole world
 To force this better, as the best of all —
 Shown itself more, and in a blacker form,
 Than here, than now? To him, whom, here and now,
 The film is not removing from his eye —
 But be he blind that wills! Forget my speeches
 And leave me.

Nathan.

Ah! indeed you do not know
 How closer I shall cling to you henceforth.
 We must, we will be friends. Despise my nation —
 We did not choose a nation for ourselves.
 Are we our nations? What's a nation then?
 Were jews and christians such, e'er they were men?
 And have I found in thee one more, to whom
 It is enough to be a man.

Templar.

That hast thou.
 Nathan, by God, thou hast. Thy hand. I blush
 To have mistaken thee a single instant

Nathan.

And I am proud of 't. Only common souls
 We seldom err in.

Templar.

And uncommon ones
 Seldom forget. Yes, Nathan, yes we must,
 We will be friends.

Nathan.

We are so. And my Recha —
 She will rejoice. How sweet the wider prospect,
 That dawns upon me! Do but know her — once.

C^mplar.

I am impatient for it. Who is that
Bursts from your house, methinks it is your Daya.

G^ath^an.

Aye — but so anxiously —

C^mplar.

Sure, to our Recha
Nothing has happen'd.

G^ath^an, C^mplar, and D^aya.

D^aya.

Nathan, Nathan.

G^ath^an.

Well.

D^aya.

Forgive me, knight, that I must interrupt you.

G^ath^an.

What is the matter?

C^mplar.

What?

D^aya.

The sultan sends —

The sultan wants to see you — in a hurry.

Jesus! the sultan —

G^ath^an.

Saladin wants me?

He will be curious to see what wares,
Precious, or new, I brought with me from Persia.
Say there is nothing hardly yet unpack'd.

D^aya.

No, no: 'tis not to look at any thing.
He wants to speak to you, to you in person,
And orders you to come as soon as may be.

Gathun.

I'll go — return.

Gaga.

Knight, take it not amiss;
But we were so alarm'd for what the sultan
Could have in view.

Gathun.

That I shall soon discover.

Gathun and Templar.

Templar.

And don't you know him yet, I mean his person?

Gathun.

Whose, Saladin's? Not yet. I've neither shunn'd,
Nor sought to see him. And the general voice
Speaks too well of him, for me not to wish,
Rather to take its language upon trust,
Than sift the truth out. Yet — if it be so —
He, by the saving of your life, has now —

Templar.

Yes: it is so. The life I live he gave.

Gathun.

And in it double treble life to me.
This flings a bond about me, which shall tie me
For ever to his service: and I scarcely
Like to defer enquiring for his wishes.
For every thing I'm ready; and am ready
To own that 'tis on your account I am so.

Templar.

As often as I've thrown me in his way,
I have not found as yet the means to thank him.
Th' impression that I made upon him came

Quickly, and so has vanish'd. Now perhaps
He recollects me not, who knows? Once more
At least, he must recall me to his mind,
Fully to fix my doom. 'Tis not enough
That by his order I am yet in being,
By his permission live, I have to learn
According to whose will I must exist.

Nathan.

Therefore I shall the more avoid delay.
Perchance some word may furnish me occasion
To glance at you — perchance — Excuse me, knight,
I am in haste. When shall we see you with us?

Templer.

Soon as I may.

Nathan.

That is, whene'er you will.

Templer.

To day then.

Nathan.

And your name?

Templer.

My name was — is

Conrade of Stauffen.

Nathan.

Conrade of Stauffen! Stauffen!

Templer.

Why does that strike so forcibly upon you?

Nathan.

There are more races of that name, no doubt.

Templer.

Yes many of that name were here — rot here.

My uncle even — I should say, my father.

But wherefore is your look so sharpen'd on me?

Nathan.

Nothing — how can I weary to behold you —

Captain.

Therefore I quit you first. The searching eye
Finds often more than it desires to see.

I fear it, Nathan. Fare thee well. Let time,
Not curiosity make us acquainted.

[*Goes.*

Nathan, and soon after, Daya.

Nathan.

"The searching eye will oft discover more
Than it desires," 'tis as he read my soul.
That too may chance to me. 'Tis not alone
Leonard's walk, stature, but his very voice.
Leonard so wore his head, was even wont
Just so to brush his eye-brows with his hand,
As if to mask the fire that fills his look.
Those deeply graven images at times
How they will slumber in us, seem forgotten,
When all at once a word, a tone, a gesture,
Retraces all. Of Stauffen? Aye right — right —
Filnek and Staffen — I will soon know more —
But first to Saladin — Ha, Daya there?
Why on the watch? Come nearer. By this time,
I'll answer for't, you've something more at heart
Than to know what the sultan wants with me.

Daya.

And do you take it in ill part of her?
You were beginning to converse with him
More confidentially, just as the message,
Sent by the sultan, tore us from the window.

גַתְהָן.

Go tell her that she may expect his visit
At every instant.

גַגְעָן.

What indeed — indeed?

גַתְהָן.

I think I can rely upon thee, Daya:
Be on thy guard, I beg. Thou'lt not repent it.
Be but discreet. Thy conscience too will surely
Find its account in't. Do not mar my plans
But leave them to themselves. Relate and question
With modesty, with backwardness.

גַגְעָן.

O fear not.

How come you to preach up all this to me?
I go — go too. The sultan sends for you
A second time, and by your friend Al-Hafi.

Gathen and Gafi.

גַפִּי.

Ha! art thou here? I was now seeking for thee.

גַתְהָן.

Why in such haste? What wants he then with me?

גַפִּי.

Who?

גַתְהָן.

Saladin. I'm coming — I am coming.

גַפִּי.

Where, to the sultan's?

גַתְהָן.

Was't not he who sent thee?

Nati.

Me? No. And has he sent already?

Nathan.

Yes.

Nati.

Then 'tis all right.

Nathan.

What's right?

Nati.

That I'm unguilty.

God knows I am not guilty, knows I said —

What said I not of thee — belied thee — slander'd —

To ward it off.

Nathan.

To ward off what — be plain.

Nati.

That thou art now become his defterdar.

I pity thee. Behold it I will not.

I go this very hour — my road I told thee.

Now — hast thou orders by the way — command,

And then, adieu. Indeed they must not be

Such business as a naked man can't carry.

Quick, what's thy pleasure?

Nathan.

Recollect yourself.

As yet all this is quite a riddle to me.

I know of nothing.

Nati.

Where are then thy bags?

Nathan.

Bags?

Nati.

Bags of money: bring the weightiest forth:
The money thou'rt to lend the sultan, Nathan.

Nathan.

And is that all?

Zafî.

Novice, thou'st yet to learn
 How he day after day will scoop and scoop,
 Till nothing but an hollow empty paring,
 A husk as light as film, is left behind.
 Thou'st yet to learn how prodigality
 From prudent bounty's never-empty coffers
 Borrows and borrows, till there's not a purse
 Left to keep rats from starving. Thou mayst fancy
 That he who wants thy gold will heed thy counsel;
 But when has he yet listen'd to advice?
 Imagine now what just befell me with him.

Nathan.

Well —

Zafî.

I went in and found him with his sister,
 Engag'd, or rather rising up from chess.
 Sittah plays — not amiss. Upon the board
 The game, that Saladin suppos'd was lost
 And had given up, yet stood. When I drew nigh,
 And had examin'd it, I soon discover'd
 It was not gone by any means.

Nathan.

For you

A blest discovery, a treasure-trove.

Zafî.

He only needed to remove his king
 Behind the tower t' have got him out of check.
 Could I but make you sensible —

Nathan.

I'll trust thee.

Hafî.

Then with the knight still left.—I would have shown him
And call'd him to the board — He must have won;
But what d'ye think he did?

Nathan.

Dar'd doubt your insight?

Hafî.

He would not listen; but with scorn o'erthrew
The standing pieces.

Nathan.

Is that possible?

Hafî.

And said, he chose to be check-mate — he chose it —
Is that to play the game?

Nathan.

Most surely not:

'Tis to play with the game.

Hafî.

And yet the stake

Was not a nut-shell.

Nathan.

Money here or there

Matters but little. Not to listen to thee,
And on a point of such importance, Hafî,
There lies the rub. Not even to admire
Thine eagle eye — thy comprehensive glance —
That calls for vengeance:— does it not, Al-Hafî?

Hafî.

I only tell it thee that thou mayst see
How his brain's form'd. I bear with him no longer.
Here I've been running to each dirty moor,
Inquiring who will lend him. I, who ne'er
Went for myself a begging, go a borrowing,

And that for others. Borrowing's much the same
As begging; just as lending upon usury
Is much the same as thieving — decency
Makes not of lewdness virtue. On the Ganges,
Among my ghebers, I have need of neither:
Nor need I be the tool or pimp of either —
Upon the Ganges only there are men.
Here, thou alone art somehow almost worthy
To have liv'd upon the Ganges. Wilt thou with me?
And leave him with the captive cloak alone,
The booty that he wants to strip thee of.
Little by little he will flay thee clean.
Thus thou 'lt be quit at once, without the tease
Of being slic'd to death. Come wilt thou with me?
I'll find thee with a staff.

Gathun.

I should have thought,
Come what come may, that thy resource remain'd:
But I'll consider of it. Stay.

Zafi.

Consider —

No; such things must not be consider'd.

Gathun.

Stay:
Till I have seen the sultan — till you've had —

Zafi.

He, who considers, looks about for motives
To forbear daring. He, who can't resolve
In storm and sunshine to himself to live,
Must live the slave of others all his life.
But, as you please; farewell! 'tis you, who choose.
My path lies yonder — and yours there —

Guthan.

Al-Hafi,
Stay then; at least you'll set things right — not leave them
At sixes and at sevens —

Guti.

Farce! Parade!
The balance in the chest will need no telling.
And my account — Sittah, or you, will vouch.
Farewell.

[Gaez.

Guthan.

Yes I will vouch it. Honest, wild —
How shall I call you — Ah! the real beggar
Is, after all, the only real monarch.]

ACT III.

SCENE. — A Room in Nathan's House.

Guthan and Daya.

Guthan.

What, Daya, did my father really say
I might expect him, every instant, here?
That meant — now did it not? he would come soon.
And yet how many instants have rolled by! —
But who would think of those that are elapsed? —
To the next moment only I'm alive. —
At last the very one will come that brings him.

Daya.

But for the sultan's ill-tim'd message, Nathan
Had brought him in.

גְּדוֹלָה.

And when this moment comes,
And when this warmest inmost of my wishes
Shall be fulfill'd, what then? what then?

גְּדוֹלָה.

What then?

Why then I hope the warmest of my wishes
Will have its turn, and happen.

גְּדוֹלָה.

'Stead of this,
What wish shall take possession of my bosom,
Which now without some ruling wish of wishes
Knows not to heave? Shall nothing? ah I shudder.

גְּדוֹלָה.

Yes: mine shall then supplant the one fulfill'd —
My wish to see thee plac'd one day in Europe
In hands well worthy of thee.

גְּדוֹלָה.

No, thou errest —
The very thing that makes thee form this wish
Prevents its being mine. Thy country draws thee,
And shall not mine retain me? Shall an image,
A fond remembrance of thy home, thy kindred,
Which years and distance have not yet effac'd,
Be mightier o'er thy soul, than what I hear,
See, feel, and hold, of mine?

גְּדוֹלָה.

"Tis vain to struggle —
The ways of heaven are the ways of heaven.
Is he the destin'd saviour, by whose arm
His God, for whom he fights, intends to lead thee
Into the land, which thou wast born for —

גְּדוֹלָה.

Daya,

What art thou prating of? My dearest Daya,
 Indeed thou hast some strange unseemly notions.
 "His God — *for whom he fights*" — what is a God
 Belonging to a man — needing another
 To fight his battles? And can we pronounce
For which among the scatter'd clods of earth
 You, I was born; unless it be for that
On which we were produced. If Nathan heard thee —
 What has my father done to thee, that thou
 Hast ever sought to paint my happiness
 As lying far remote from him, and his.
 What has he done to thee that thus, among
 The seeds of reason, which he sow'd unmix'd,
 Pure in my soul, thou ever must be seeking
 To plant the weeds, or flowers, of thy own land.
 He wills not of these pranking gaudy blossoms
 Upon this soil. And I too must acknowledge
 I feel as if they had a sour-sweet odor,
 That makes me giddy — that half suffocates.
 Thy head is wont to bear it. I don't blame
 Those stronger nerves, that can support it. Mine —
 Mine it behooves not. Latterly thy angel
 Had made me half a fool. I am ashamed,
 Whene'er I see my father, of the folly.

גְּדוֹלָה.

As if here only wisdom were at home —
 Folly — if I dar'd speak.

גְּדוֹלָה.

And dar'st thou not?

When was I not all ear, if thou beganst
 To talk about the heroes of thy faith?

Have I not freely on their deeds bestow'd
My admiration, to their sufferings yielded
The tribute of my tears? Their faith indeed
Has never seem'd their most heroic side
To me: yet, therefore, have I only learnt
To find more consolation in the thought,
That our devotion to the God of all
Depends not on our notions about God.
My father has so often told us so —
Thou hast so often to this point consented —
How can it be that thou alone art restless
To undermine what you built up together?
This is not the most fit discussion, Daya,
To usher in our friend to; tho' indeed
I should not disincline to it — for to me
It is of infinite importance if
He too — but hark — there's some one at the door.
If it were he — stay — hush —

(A Slave who shows in the Templar).

They are — here this way.

Templar, Daya, and Gedra.

Gedra

(starts — composes herself — then offers to fall at his feet.)
'Tis he — my saviour! ah!

Templar.

This to avoid
Have I alone deferr'd my call so long.

Gedra.

Yes, at the feet of this proud man, I will
Thank — God alone. The man will have no thanks;

No more than will the bucket, which was busy
 In showering watery damps upon the flame.
 That was fill'd, emptied — but to me to thee
 What boots it? So the man — he too, he too
 Was thrust, he knew not how, amid the fire.
 I dropt, by chance, into his open arm.
 By chance, remain'd there — like a fluttering spark
 Upon his mantle — till — I know not what
 Push'd us both from amid the conflagration.
 What room is here for thanks? How oft in Europe
 Wine urges men to very different deeds!
 Templars must so behave: it is their office,
 Like better taught or rather handier spaniels,
 To fetch from out of fire, as out of water.

Templar.

O Daya, Daya, if, in hasty moments
 Of care and of chagrin, my uncheck'd temper
 Betray'd me into rudeness, why convey
 To her each idle word that left my tongue?
 This is too piercing a revenge indeed;
 Yet if henceforth thou wilt interpret better —

Begyn.

I question if these barbed words, Sir Knight,
 Alighted so, as to have much disserv'd you.

Graf.

How, you had cares, and were more covetous
 Of them than of your life?

Templar

(who has been viewing her with wonder and perturbation).

Thou best of beings,
 How is my soul 'twixt eye and ear divided!
 No: 'twas not she I snatch'd from amid fire:

For who could know her and forbear to do it? --
Indeed — disguis'd by terror —

[Pause: during which he gazes on her as it were intranc'd.

Geðn.

But to me

You still appear the same you then appear'd.

[Another like pause — till she resumes, in order to interrupt him.
Now tell me, knight, where have you been so long?
It seems as might I ask — where are you now?

Templar.

I am — where I perhaps ought not to be.

Geðn.

Where have you been? where you perhaps ought not —
That is not well.

Templar.

Up — how d'ye call the mountain?

Up Sinai.

Geðn.

Oh that's very fortunate.
Now I shall learn for certain, if 'tis true —

Templar.

What! If the spot may yet be seen where Moses
Stood before God; when first —

Geðn.

No, no, not that.

Where'er he stood, 'twas before God. Of this
I know enough already. Is it true,
I wish to learn from you, that — that it is not
By far so troublesome to climb this mountain
As to get down — for on all mountains else,
That I have seen, quite the reverse obtains.
Well, knight, why will you turn away from me?
Not look at me?

Templar.
Because I wish to hear you.

Geoffr.
Because you do not wish me to perceive
You smile at my simplicity — You smile
That I can think of nothing more important
To ask about the holy hill of hills:
Do you not?

Templar.
Must I meet those eyes again?
And now you cast them down, and damp the smile —
Am I in doubtful motions of the features
To read what I so plainly hear — what you
So audibly declare; yet will conceal? —
How truly said thy father "Do but know her!"

Geoffr.
Who has — of whom — said so to thee?

Templar.
Thy father
Said to me "Do but know her" and of thee.

Geoffr.
And have not I too said so, times and oft.

Templar.
But where is then your father — with the sultan?

Geoffr.
So I suppose.

Templar.
Yet there? Oh, I forget,
He cannot be there still. He is waiting for me
Most certainly below there by the cloister.
'Twas so, I think, we had agreed. Forgive,
I go in quest of him.

Daya.

Knight I'll do that.

Wait here, I'll bring him hither instantly.

Templar.

Oh no — Oh no. He is expecting me.

Besides — you are not aware what may have happen'd.

'Tis not unlikely he may be involv'd

With Saladin — you do not know the sultan —

In some unpleasant — I must go, there's danger

If I forbear.

Daya.

Danger — of what? of what?

Templar.

Danger for me, for thee, for him; unless

I go at once.

[Goes.

Daya and Templar.

Daya.

What is the matter, Daya?

So quick — what comes across him, drives him hence?

Daya.

Let him alone, I think it no bad sign.

Daya.

Sign — and of what?

Daya.

That something passes in him.

It boils — but it must not boil over. Leave him —

Now 'tis your turn.

Daya.

My turn? Thou dost become

Like him incomprehensible to me.

גַּגְעָן.

Now you may give him back all that unrest
He once occasion'd. Be not too severe,
Nor too vindictive.

גַּדְעָן.

Daya, what you mean
You must know best.

גַּגְעָן.

And pray are you again
So calm.

גַּדְעָן.

I am — yes that I am.

גַּגְעָן.

A least
Own — that this restlessness has given you pleasure,
And that you have to thank his want of ease
For what of ease you now enjoy.

גַּדְעָן.

Of that

I am unconscious. All I could confess
Were, that it does seem strange unto myself,
How, in this bosom, such a pleasing calm
Can suddenly succeed to such a tossing.

גַּגְעָן.

His countenance, his speech, his manner has
By this time satiated thee.

גַּדְעָן.

Satiated,
I will not say — not by a good deal yet.

גַּגְעָן.

But satisfied the more impatient craving.

גַּדְעָן.

Well well if you must have it so.

Sayy.

I? no.

Sayy.

To me he will be ever dear, will ever
 Remain more dear than my own life; altho'
 My pulse no longer flutters at his name,
 My heart no longer, when I think about him,
 Beats stronger, swifter. What have I been prating?
 Come, Daya, let us once more to the window
 Which overlooks the palms.

Sayy.

So that 'tis not
 Yet satisfied — the more impatient craving.

Sayy.

Now I shall see the palm-trees once again,
 Not him alone amid them.

Sayy.

This cold fit
 Is but the harbinger of other fevers.

Sayy.

Cold — cold — I am not cold: but I observe not
 Less willingly what I behold with calmness.

SCENE. — An Audience Room in the Sultan's Palace.

Sittah: Saladin giving directions at the door.

Saladin.

Here, introduce the jew, whene'er he comes —
 He seems in no great haste.

Sittah.

May be at first
 He was not in the way.

Lessing.

Saladin.

Ah, sister, sister!

Sittah.

You seem as if a combat were impending.

Saladin.

With weapons that I have not learnt to wield.
Must I disguise myself? I use precautions?
I lay a snare? When, where gain'd I that knowledge?
And this, for what? To fish for money — money —
For money from a jew — and to such arts
Must Saladin descend at last to come at
The least of little things?

Sittah.

Each little thing
Despis'd too much finds methods of revenge.

Saladin.

'Tis but too true. And if this jew should prove
The fair good man, as once the dervish painted —

Sittah.

Then difficulties cease. A snare concerns
The avaricious, cautious, fearful jew;
And not the good wise man: for he is ours
Without a snare. Then the delight of hearing
How such a man speaks out, with what stern strength
He tears the net, or with what prudent foresight
He one by one undoes the tangled meshes;
That will be all to boot —

Saladin.

That I shall joy in.

Sittah.

What then should trouble thee? For if he be
One of the many only, a mere jew,

You will not blush to such a one to seem
A man, as he thinks all mankind to be.
One, that to him should bear a better aspect,
Would seem a fool — a dupe.

Saladin.

So that I must
Act badly, lest the bad think badly of me.

Sittiby.

Yes, if you call it acting badly, brother,
To use a thing after its kind.

Saladin.

There's nothing,
That woman's wit invents, it can't embellish.

Sittiby.

Embellish —

Saladin.

But their fine-wrought filligree
In my rude hand would break. It is for those
That can contrive them to employ such weapons:
They ask a practis'd wrist. But chance what may,
Well as I can —

Sittiby.

Trust not yourself too little.
I answer for you, if you have the will.
Such men as you would willingly persuade us
It was their swords, their swords alone that rais'd them.
The lion's apt to be ashamed of hunting
In fellowship of the fox — 'tis of his fellow
Not of the cunning that he is ashamed.

Saladin.

You women would so gladly level man
Down to yourselves. Go, I have got my lesson.

Sittah.
What — must I go?

Saladin.
Had you the thought of staying?
Sittah.

In your immediate presence not indeed;
But in the by-room.

Saladin.
You could like to listen.
Not that, my sister, if I may insist.
Away! the curtain rustles — he is come.
Beware of staying — I'll be on the watch.

While Sittah retires thro' one door, Nathan enters at another, and Saladin seats himself.

Saladin and Nathan.

Saladin.
Draw nearer, jew, yet nearer; here, quite by me,
Without all fear.

Nathan.
Remain that for thy foes!

Saladin.
Your name is Nathan?

Nathan.
Yes.

Saladin.
Nathan the wise?

No.

Saladin.
If not thou, the people calls thee so.

Nathan.
May be, the people.

Sulzbin.

Fancy not that I

Think of the people's voice contemptuously;
I have been wishing much to know the man,
Whom it has nam'd the wise.

Guthrin.

And if it nam'd
Him so in scorn? If wise meant only prudent.
And prudent, one, who knows his interest well.

Sulzbin.

Who knows his real interest, thou must mean.

Guthrin.

Then were the interested, the most prudent,
Then wise and prudent were the same.

Sulzbin.

I hear
You proving, what your speeches contradict.
You know man's real interests, which the people
Knows not — at least have studied how to know them.
That alone makes the sage.

Guthrin.

Which each imagines
Himself to be.

Sulzbin.

Of modesty enough!
Ever to meet it, where one seeks to hear
Dry truth, is vexing. Let us to the purpose —
But, jew, sincere and open —

Guthrin.

I will serve thee
So as to merit, prince, thy further notice.

Sulzbin.

Serve me — how?

Sultun.

Thou shalt have the best I bring,
Shalt have them cheap.

Saladin.

What speak you of — your wares?
My sister shall be called to bargain with you
For them (so much for the sly listener) I
Have nothing to transact now with the merchant.

Sultun.

Doubtless then you would learn, what, on my journey,
I notic'd of the motions of the foe,
Who stirs anew. If unreserv'd I may —

Saladin.

Neither was that the object of my sending:
I know what I have need to know already.
In short I will'd your presence —

Sultun.

Sultan, order.

Saladin.

To gain instruction quite on other points.
Since you are a man so wise, tell me which law,
Which faith appears to you the better?

Sultun.

Sultan,

I am a jew.

Saladin.

And I a mussulman:
The christian stands between us. Of these three
Religions only one can be the true.
A man, like you, remains not, just where birth
Has chanc'd to cast him, or, if he remains there,
Does it from insight, choice, from grounds of preference.
Share then with me your insight — let me hear

The grounds of preference, which I have wanted
The leisure to examine — learn the choice,
These grounds have motiv'd, that it may be mine.
In confidence I ask it. How you startle,
And weigh me with your eye! It may well be
I'm the first sultan, to whom this caprice,
Methinks not quite unworthy of a sultan,
Has yet occur'd. Am I not? Speak then — Speak.
Or do you, to collect yourself, desire
Some moments of delay — I give them you —
(Whether she's listening? — I must know of her
If I've done right.) Reflect — I'll soon return —

[Saladin steps into the room to which Sittah had retired.

Gatian.

Strange! how is this? what wills the sultan of me?
I came prepar'd with cash — he asks truth. Truth?
As if truth too were cash — a coin disus'd
That goes by weight — indeed 'tis some such thing —
But a new coin, known by the stamp at once,
To be flung down and told upon the counter,
It is not that. Like gold in bags tied up,
So truth lies hoarded in the wise man's head
To be brought out — Which now in this transaction
Which of us plays the jew; he asks for truth,
Is truth what he requires, his aim, his end?
That this is but the glue to lime a snare
Ought not to be suspected, 'twere too little,
Yet what is found too little for the great —
In fact, thro' hedge and pale to stalk at once
Into one's field beseems not — friends look round,
Seek for the path, ask leave to pass the gate —
I must be cautious. Yet to damp him back,
And be the stubborn jew is not the thing;

And wholly to throw off the jew, still less.
 For if no jew he might with right inquire —
 Why not a mussulman — Yes — that may serve me.
 Not children only can be quieted
 With stories. Ha! he comes — well, let him come.

Saladin (returning).

— So, there, the field is clear, I'm not too quick,
 Thou hast bethought thyself as much as need is,
 Speak, no one hears.

Gathen.

Might the whole world but hear us.

Saladin.

Is Nathan of his cause so confident?
 Yes, that I call the sage — to veil no truth,
 For truth to hazard all things, life and goods.

Gathen.

Aye, when 'tis necessary and when useful.

Saladin.

Henceforth I hope I shall with reason bear
 One of my titles — "Betterer of the world
 And of the law."

Gathen. N. f.

In truth a noble title.

But, sultan, e'er I quite unfold myself
 Allow me to relate a tale.

Saladin.

Why not?
 I always was a friend of tales well told.

Gathen.

Well told, that's not precisely my affair.

Saladin.

Again so proudly modest, come begin.

Suladin.

In days of yore, there dwelt in east a man,
Who from a valued hand receiv'd a ring
Of endless worth: the stone of it an opal,
That shot an ever-changing tint: moreover,
It had the hidden virtue him to render
Of God and man belov'd, who in this view,
And this persuasion, wore it. Was it strange
The eastern man ne'er drew it off his finger,
And studiously provided to secure it
For ever to his house. Thus — He bequeath'd it;
First, to the *most beloved* of his sons,
Ordain'd that he again should leave the ring
To the *most dear* among his children — and
That without heeding birth, the *favourite* son,
In virtue of the ring alone, should always
Remain the lord o' th' house — You hear me, sultan?

Suladin.

I understand thee — on.

Suladin.

From son to son,
At length this ring descended to a father,
Who had three sons, alike obedient to him;
Whom therefore he could not but love alike.
At times seem'd this, now that, at times the third,
(Accordingly as each apart receiv'd
The overflowings of his heart) most worthy
To heir the ring, which with goodnatur'd weakness
He privately to each in turn had promis'd.
This went on for a while. But death approach'd,
And the good father grew embarrass'd. So
To disappoint two sons, who trust his promise,
He could not bear. What's to be done. He sends

In secret to a jeweller, of whom,
 Upon the model of the real ring,
 He might bespeak two others, and commanded
 To spare nor cost nor pains to make them like,
 Quite like the true one. This the artist manag'd.
 The rings were brought, and e'en the father's eye
 Could not distinguish which had been the model.
 Quite overjoy'd he summons all his sons,
 Takes leave of each apart, on each bestows
 His blessing and his ring, and dies — Thou hearst me?

Suladin.

I hear, I hear, come finish with thy tale;
 Is it soon ended?

Gathun.

It is ended, sultan,
 For all that follows may be guess'd of course.
 Scarce is the father dead, each with his ring
 Appears, and claims to be the lord o' th' house.
 Comes question, strife, complaint — all to no end;
 For the true ring could no more be distinguish'd
 Than now can — the true faith.

Suladin.

How, how, is that
 To be the answer to my query?

Gathun.

No,

But it may serve as my apology;
 If I can't venture to decide between
 Rings, which the father got expressly made,
 That they might not be known from one another.

Suladin.

The rings — don't trifle with me; I must think

That the religions which I nam'd can be
Distinguish'd, e'en to raiment, drink and food.

Guthrin.

And only not as to their grounds of proof.
Are not all built alike on history,
Traditional, or written. History
Must be received on trust — is it not so?
In whom now are we likeliest to put trust?
In our own people surely, in those men
Whose blood we are, in them, who from our childhood
Have given us proofs of love, who ne'er deceiv'd us,
Unless 'twere wholesomer to be deceiv'd.
How can I less believe in my forefathers
Than thou in thine. How can I ask of thee
To own that thy forefathers falsified
In order to yield mine the praise of truth.
The like of christians.

Saladin.

By the living God,
The man is in the right, I must be silent.

Guthrin.

Now let us to our rings return once more.
As said, the sons complain'd. Each to the judge
Swore from his father's hand immediately
To have receiv'd the ring, as was the case;
After he had long obtain'd the father's promise,
One day to have the ring, as also was.
The father, each asserted, could to him
Not have been false, rather than so suspect
Of such a father, willing as he might be
With charity to judge his brethren, he
Of treacherous forgery was bold t' accuse them.

Suladin.

Well, and the judge, I'm eager now to hear
What thou wilt make him say. Go on, go on.

Gathen.

The judge said, if ye summon not the father
Before my seat, I cannot give a sentence.
Am I to guess enigmas? Or expect ye
That the true ring should here unseal its lips?
But hold — you tell me that the real ring
Enjoys the hidden power to make the wearer
Of God and man belov'd; let that decide.
Which of you do two brothers love the best?
You're silent. Do these love-exciting rings
Act inward only, not without? Does each
Love but himself? Ye're all deceiv'd deceivers,
None of your rings is true. The real ring
Perhaps is gone. To hide or to supply
Its loss, your father order'd three for one.

Suladin.

O charming, charming!

Gathen.

And (the judge continued)

If you will take advice in lieu of sentence,
This is my counsel to you, to take up
The matter where it stands. If each of you
Has had a ring presented by his father,
Let each believe his own the real ring.
'Tis possible the father chose no longer
To tolerate the one ring's tyranny;
And certainly, as he much lov'd you all,
And lov'd you all alike, it could not please him
By favouring one to be of two th' oppressor.
Let each feel honour'd by this free affection

Unwarp'd of prejudice; let each endeavour
To vie with both his brothers in displaying
The virtue of his ring; assist its might
With gentleness, benevolence, forbearance,
With inward resignation to the godhead,
And if the virtues of the ring continue
To show themselves among your children's children,
After a thousand thousand years, appear
Before this judgment-seat — a greater one
Than I shall sit upon it, and decide.
So spake the modest judge.

Saladin.
God!

Nathan.
Saladin,
Feelst thou thyself this wiser, promis'd man?

Saladin.
I dust, I nothing, God!

[Precipitated himself upon Nathan and takes hold of his hand, which he does not quit the remainder of the scene.

Nathan.
What moves thee, sultan?

Saladin.
Nathan, my dearest Nathan, 'tis not yet
The judge's thousand thousand years are past,
His judgment-seat's not mine. Go, go, but love me.

Nathan.
Has Saladin then nothing else to order?

No.

Nathan.
Nothing?

Saladin.

Nothing in the least, and wherefore?

Nathan.

I could have wish'd an opportunity
To lay a prayer before you.

Saladin.

Is there need
Of opportunity for that? Speak freely.

Nathan.

I come from a long journey from collecting
Debts, and I've almost of hard cash too much;
The times look perilous—I know not where
To lodge it safely—I was thinking thou,
For coming wars require large sums, couldst use it.

Saladin (fixing Nathan).

Nathan, I ask not if thou sawst Al-Hafi,
I'll not examine if some shrewd suspicion
Spurs thee to make this offer of thyself.

Nathan.

Suspicion —

Saladin.

I deserve this offer. Pardon,
For what avails concealment, I acknowledge
I was about —

Nathan.

To ask the same of me?

Saladin.

Yes.

Nathan.

Then 'tis well we're both accommodated.
That I can't send thee all I have of treasure
Arises from the templar; thou must know him,
I have a weighty debt to pay to him.

Saladin.

A templar! How, thou dost not with thy gold
Support my direst foes.

Nathan.

I speak of him
Whose life the sultan —

Saladin.

What art thou recalling?
I had forgot the youth, whence is he, knowest thou?

Nathan.

Hast thou not heard then how thy clemency
To him has fallen on me. He at the risk
Of his new-spar'd existence, from the flames
Rescued my daughter.

Saladin.

Ha! Has he done that?
He look'd like one that would — my brother too,
Whom he's so like, had done it. Is he here still?
Bring him to me — I have so often talk'd
To Sittah of this brother, whom she knew not,
That I must let her see his counterfeit.
Go fetch him. How a single worthy action,
Though but of whim or passion born, gives rise
To other blessings! Fetch him.

Nathan.

In an instant.

The rest remains as settled.

Saladin.

O, I wish
I had let my sister listen. Well, I'll to her.
How shall I make her privy to all this?

SCENE. — The Place of Palms.

The Templar walking and agitated.

Templar.

Here let the weary victim pant awhile. —
Yet would I not have time to ascertain
What passes in me; would not snuff beforehand
The coming storm. 'Tis sure I fled in vain;
But more than fly I could not do, whatever
Comes of it. Ah! to ward it off — the blow
Was given so suddenly. Long, much, I strove
To keep aloof; but vainly. Once to see her —
Her, whom I surely did not court the sight of,
To see her, and to form the resolution,
Never to lose sight of her here again,
Was one — The resolution? — Not 'tis will,
Fixt purpose, made (for I was passive in it)
Seal'd, doom'd. To see her, and to feel myself
Bound to her, wove into her very being,
Was one — remains one. Separate from her
To live is quite unthinkable — is death.
And wheresoever after death we be,
There too the thought were death. And is this love?
Yet so in troth the templar loves — so — so —
The christian loves the jewess. What of that?
Here in this holy land, and therefore holy
And dear to me, I have already doff'd
Some prejudices. — Well — what says my vow?
As templar I am dead, was dead to that
From the same hour which made me prisoner
To Saladin. But is the head, he gave me,
My old one? No. It knows no word of what

Was prated into yon, of what had bound it.
It is a better; for its patrial sky
Fitter than yon. I feel — I'm conscious of it.
With this I now begin to think, as here
My father must have thought; if tales of him
Have not been told untruly. Tales — why tales?
They're credible — more credible than ever —
Now that I'm on the brink of stumbling, where
He fell. He fell? I'd rather fall with men,
Than stand with children. His example pledges
His approbation, and whose approbation
Have I else need of? Nathan's? Surely of his
Encouragement, applause, I've little need
To doubt — O what a jew is he! yet easy
To pass for the mere jew. He's coming — swiftly —
And looks delighted — who leaves Saladin
With other looks? Hoa, Nathan!

Nathan and Templar.

Nathan.

Are you there?

Templar.

Your visit to the sultan has been long.

Nathan.

Not very long; my going was indeed
Too much delay'd. Troth, Conrade, this man's fame
Outstrips him not. His fame is but his shadow.
But before all I have to tell you —

Templar.

What?

Nathan.

That he would speak with you, and that directly.

Lessing.

First to my house, where I would give some orders,
Then we'll together to the sultan.

Templar.

Nathan,

I enter not thy doors again before —

Nathan.

Then you've been there this while — have spoken with her.
How do you like my Recha?

Templar.

Words cannot tell —

Gaze on her once again — I never will —
Never — no never: unless thou wilt promise
That I for ever, ever, may behold her.

Nathan.

How should I take this?

Templar (falling suddenly upon his neck).

Nathan — O my father!

Nathan.

Young man!

Templar (quitting him as suddenly).

Not son? — I pray thee, Nathan — ha!

Nathan.

Thou dear young man!

Templar.

Not son? — I pray thee, Nathan,
Conjure thee by the strongest bonds of nature,
Prefer not those of later date, the weaker. —
Be it enough to thee to be a man!
Push me not from thee!

Nathan.

Dearest, dearest friend! —

Templar.

Not son? Not son? Not even — even if
Thy daughter's gratitude had in her bosom
Prepar'd the way for love — not even if
Both wait thy nod alone to be but one? —
You do not speak?

Guthan.

Young knight, you have surpriz'd me.

Templar.

Do I surprize thee — thus surprize thee, Nathan,
With thy own thought? Canst thou not in my mouth
Know it again? Do I surprize you?

Guthan.

Ere

I know, which of the Stauffens was your father?

Templar.

What say you Nathan? — And in such a moment
Is curiosity your only feeling?

Guthan.

For see, once I myself well knew a Stauffen,
Whose name was Conrade.

Templar.

Well, and if my father
Was bearer of that name?

Guthan.

Indeed?

Templar.

My name
Is from my father's, Conrade.

Guthan.

Then thy father
Was not my Conrade. He was, like thyself,
A templar, never wedded.

Templar.

For all that —

Guthran.

How?

Templar.

For all that he may have been my father.

Guthran.

You joke.

Templar.

And you are captious. Boots it then
To be true-born? Does bastard wound thine ear?
The race is not to be despis'd: but hold,
Spare me my pedigree; I'll spare thee thine.
Not that I doubt thy genealogic tree.
O, God forbid! You may attest it all
As far as Abraham back; and backwarder
I know it to my heart — I'll swear to it also.

Guthran.

Knight, you grow bitter. Do I merit this?
Have I refus'd you ought? I've but forborne
To close with you at the first word — no more.

Templar.

Indeed — no more? O then forgive —

Guthran.

'Tis well.

Do but come with me.

Templar.

Whither? To thy house?
No; there not — there not: 'tis a burning soil.
Here I await thee, go. Am I again
To see her, I shall see her times enough:
If not I have already gaz'd too much.

Nathan.

I'll try to be soon back.

[*Ges.**Templar.*

Too much indeed —
Strange that the human brain, so infinite
Of comprehension, yet at times will fill
Quite full, and all at once, of a mere trifle —
No matter what it teems with. Patience! Patience!
The soul soon calms again, th' upboiling stuff
Makes itself room and brings back light and order.
Is this then the first time I love? Or was
What by that name I knew before, not love —
And this, this love alone that now I feel?

*Daya and Templar.**Daya.*

Sir knight, sir knight.

Templar.

Who calls? ha, Daya, you?

Daya.

I manag'd to slip by him. No, come here
(He'll see us where you stand) behind this tree.

Templar.

Why so mysterious? What's the matter, Daya?

Daya.

Yes, 'tis a secret that has brought me to you.
A twofold secret. One I only know,
The other only you. Let's interchange,
Intrust yours first to me, then I'll tell mine.

Templar.

With pleasure when I'm able to discover

What you call mine. But that yours will explain.
Begin —

Saga.

That is not fair, yours first, sir knight;
For be assur'd my secret serves you not
Unless I have yours first. If I sift it out
You'll not have trusted me, and then my secret
Is still my own, and yours lost all for nothing.
But, knight, how can you men so fondly fancy
You ever hide such secrets from us women.

Templar.

Secrets we often are unconscious of.

Saga.

May be — So then I must at last be friendly,
And break it to you. Tell me now, whence came it
That all at once you started up abruptly
And in the twinkling of an eye were fled?
That you left us without one civil speech!
That you return no more with Nathan to us —
Has Recha then made such a slight impression,
Or made so deep a one? I penetrate you.
Think you that on a lim'd twig the poor bird
Can flutter cheerfully, or hop at ease
With its wing pinion'd? Come, come, in one word
Acknowledge to me plainly that you love her,
Love her to madness, and I'll tell you what.

Templar.

To madness, oh, you're very penetrating.

Saga.

Grant me the love, and I'll give up the madness.

Templar.

Because that must be understood of course —
A templar love a jewess —

Sayz.

Seems absurd,
But often there's more fitness in a thing
Than we at once discern; nor were this time
The first, when thro' an unexpected path
The Saviour drew his children on to him
Across the tangled maze of human life.

Templar.

So solemn that — (and yet if in the stead
Of Saviour, I were to say Providence,
It would sound true) you make me curious, Daya,
Which I'm unwont to be.

Sayz.

This is the place
For miracles

Templar.

For wonders — well and good —
Can it be otherwise, where the whole world
Presses as toward a centre. My dear Daya,
Consider what you ask of me as own'd;
That I do love her — that I can't imagine
How I should live without her — that —

Sayz.

Indeed!
Then, knight, swear to me you will call her yours,
Make both her present and eternal welfare.

Templar.

And how, how can I, can I swear to do
What is not in my power?

Sayz.

'Tis in your power,
A single word will put it in your power.

Templar.
So that her father shall not be against it?

Sayn.
Her father — father? he shall be compell'd.

Templar.
As yet he is not fallen among thieves —
Compell'd?

Sayn.
Aye to be willing that you should.

Compell'd and willing — what if I inform thee
That I have tried to touch this string already,
It vibrates not responsive.

Sayn.
He refus'd thee?

Templar.
He answer'd in a tone of such discordance
That I was hurt.

Sayn.
What do you say? How, you
Betray'd the shadow of a wish for Recha,
And he did not spring up for joy, drew back,
Drew coldly back, made difficulties?

Templar.
Almost.

Sayn.
Well then I'll not deliberate a moment.

Templar.
And yet you are deliberating still.

Sayn.
That man was always else so good, so kind.
I am so deeply in his debt. Why, why

Would he not listen to you? God's my witness
That my heart bleeds to come about him thus.

Templar.

I pray you, Daya, once for all, to end
This dire uncertainty. But if you doubt
Whether what 'tis your purpose to reveal
Be right or wrong, be praiseworthy or shameful,
Speak not—I will forget that you have had
Something to hide.

Daya.

That spurs me on still more.
Then learn that Recha is no jewess; that
She is a christian.

Templar.

I congratulate you,
'Twas a hard labor, but 'tis out at last;
The pangs of the delivery won't hurt you.
Go on with undiminish'd zeal, and people
Heaven, when no longer fit to people earth.

Daya.

How, knight, does my intelligence deserve
Such bitter scorn? That Recha is a christian
On you, a christian templar, and her lover,
Confers no joy?

Templar.

Particularly as
She is a christian of your making, Daya.

Daya.

O, so you understand it—well and good—
I wish to find out him that might convert her.
It is her fate long since to have been that
Which she is spoil'd for being.

Templar.

Do explain —

Or go.

Say.

She is a christian child — of christian
Parents was born and is baptiz'd.

Templar (hastily).

And Nathan —

Say.

Is not her father.

Templar.

Nathan not her father —
And are you sure of what you say?

Say.

I am,

It is a truth has cost me tears of blood.
No, he is not her father.

Templar.

And has only
Brought her up as his daughter, educated
The christian child a jewess.

Say.

Certainly.

Templar.

And she is unacquainted with her birth?
Has never learnt from him that she was born
A christian, and no jewess?

Say.

Never yet.

Templar.

And he not only let the child grow up
In this mistaken notion, but still leaves
The woman in it.

Sage.

Aye, alas!

Templar.

How, Nathan,

The wise good Nathan, thus allow himself
To stifle nature's voice? Thus to misguide
Upon himself th' effusions of a heart
Which to itself abandon'd would have form'd
Another bias, Daya — yes, indeed
You have intrusted an important secret
That may have consequences — it confounds me,
I cannot tell what I've to do at present,
Therefore go, give me time, he may come by
And may surprize us.

Sage.

I should drop for fright.

Templar.

I am not able now to talk, farewell;
And if you chance to meet him, only say
That we shall find each other at the sultan's.

Sage.

Let him not see you've any grudge against him.
That should be kept to give the proper impulse
To things at last, and may remove your scruples
Respecting Recha. But then, if you take her
Back with you into Europe, let not me
Be left behind.

Templar.

That we'll soon settle, go.

ACT IV.

SCENE — The Cloister of a Convent.

*The Friar alone.**Friar.*

Aye — aye — he's very right — the patriarch is —
 In fact of all that he has sent me after
 Not much turns out his way — Why put on me
 Such business and no other? I don't care
 To coax and wheedle, and to run my nose
 Into all sorts of things, and have a hand
 In all that's going forward. I did not
 Renounce the world, for my own part, in order
 To be entangled with 't for other people.

*Friar and Templar.**Templar (abruptly entering).*

Good brother are you there? I've sought you long.

Friar.

Me, sir?

Templar.

What don't you recollect me?

Friar.

Oh,

I thought I never in my life was likely
 To see you any more. For so I hop'd
 In God. I did not vastly relish the proposal
 That I was bound to make you. Yes, God knows,
 How little I desir'd to find a hearing,

Knows I was inly glad when you refus'd
Without a moment's thought, what of a knight
Would be unworthy. Are your second thoughts —

Templar.

So, you already know my purpose, I
Scarce know myself.

Frier.

Have you by this reflected
That our good patriarch is not so much out,
That gold and fame in plenty may be got
By his commission, that a foe's a foe
Were he our guardian angel seven times over.
Have you weigh'd this 'gainst flesh and blood, and come
To strike the bargain he propos'd. Ah, God.

Templar.

My dear good man, set your poor heart at ease.
Not therefore am I come, not therefore wish
To see the patriarch in person. Still
On the first point I think as I then thought,
Nor would I for ought in the world exchange
That good opinion, which I once obtain'd
From such a worthy upright man as thou art,
I come to ask your patriarch's advice —

Frier (looking round with timidity).

Our patriarch's — you? a knight ask priest's advice?

Templar.

Mine is a priestly business.

Frier.

Yet the priests
Ask not the knight's advice be their affair
Ever so knightly.

Templar.

Therefore one allows them

To overshoot themselves, a privilege
 Which such as I don't vastly envy them.
 Indeed if I were acting for myself,
 Had not t' account with others, I should care
 But little for his counsel. But some things
 I'd rather do amiss by other's guidance
 Than by my own aright. And then by this time
 I see religion too is party, and
 He, who believes himself the most impartial,
 Does but uphold the standard of his own,
 Howe'er unconsciously. And since 'tis so,
 So must be well.

Friar.

I rather shall not answer,
 For I don't understand exactly.

Templar.

Yet

Let me consider what it is precisely
 That I have need of, counsel or decision,
 Simple or learned counsel. — Thank you, brother,
 I thank you for your hint — A patriarch — why?
 Be thou my patriarch; for 'tis the plain christian,
 Whom in the patriarch I have to consult,
 And not the patriarch in the christian.

Friar.

Oh,

I beg no further — you must quite mistake me;
 He that knows much hath learnt much care, and I
 Devoted me to only one. "Tis well,
 Most luckily here comes the very man,
 Wait here, stand still — he has perceiv'd you, knight.

Templar.

I'd rather shun him, he is not my man.
A thick red smiling prelate — and as stately —

Friar.

But you should see him on a gala-day;
He only comes from visiting the sick.

Templar.

Great Saladin must then be put to shame.

*The Patriarch, after marching up one of the aisles in great pomp,
draws near, and makes signs to the Friar, who approaches him.*

Patriarch, Friar, and Templar.

Patriarch.

Hither — was that the templar? What wants he?

Friar.

I know not.

Patriarch (*approaches the templar,
while the friar and the rest of his train draw back*).

So, sir knight, I'm truly happy
To meet the brave young man — so very young too —
Something, God helping, may come of him.

Templar.

More

Than is already hardly will come of him,
But less, my reverend father, that may chance.

Patriarch.

It is my prayer at least a knight so pious
May for the cause of Christendom and God
Long be preserved; nor can that fail, so be
Young valor will lend ear to aged counsel.
With what can I be useful any way?

C_om_pl_ix_r.

With that which my youth is without, with counsel.

B_at_rix_rd.

Most willingly, but counsel should be follow'd.

C_om_pl_ix_r.

Surely not blindly?

B_at_rix_rd.

Who says that? Indeed
None should omit to make use of the reason
Given him by God, in things where it belongs,
But it belongs not every where; for instance,
If God, by some one of his blessed angels,
Or other holy minister of his word,
Deign'd to make known a mean, by which the welfare
Of Christendom, or of his holy church,
In some peculiar and especial manner
Might be promoted or secured, who then
Shall venture to rise up, and try by reason
The will of him who has created reason,
Measure th' eternal laws of heaven by
The little rules of a vain human honor? —
But of all this enough. What is it then
On which our counsel is desir'd?

C_om_pl_ix_r.

Suppose,

My reverend father, that a jew possess'd
An only child, a girl we'll say, whom he
With fond attention forms to every virtue,
And loves more than his very soul; a child
Who by her pious love requites his goodness.
And now suppose it whisper'd — say to me —
This girl is not the daughter of the jew,

He pick'd up, purchas'd, stole her in her childhood —
That she was born of christians and baptiz'd,
But that the jew hath rear'd her as a jewess,
Allows her to remain a jewess, and
To think herself his daughter. Reverend father
What then ought to be done?

Barzach.

I shudder! But
First will you please explain if such a case
Be fact, or only an hypothesis?
That is to say, if you, of your own head,
Invent the case, or if indeed it happen'd,
And still continues happening?

Camilus.

I had thought
That just to learn your reverence's opinion
This were all one.

Barzach.

All one — now see how apt
Proud human reason is in spiritual things
To err: 'tis not all one; for, if the point
In question be a mere sport of the wit,
'Twill not be worth our while to think it thro',
But I should recommend the curious person
To theatres, where oft, with loud applause,
Such pro and contras have been agitated.
But if the object should be something more
Than by a school-trick — by a sleight of logic
To get the better of me — if the case
Be really extant, if it should have happen'd
Within our diocese, or — or perhaps
Here in our dear Jerusalem itself,
Why then —

Templar.

What then?

Baron.

Then were it proper
To execute at once upon the jew
The penal laws in such a case provided
By papal and imperial right, against
So foul a crime — such dire abomination.

Templar.

So.

Baron.

And the laws forementioned have decreed,
That if a jew shall to apostacy
Seduce a christian, he shall die by fire.

Templar.

So.

Baron.

How much more the jew, who forcibly
Tears from the holy font a christian child,
And breaks the sacramental bond of baptism;
For all what's done to children is by force —
I mean except what the church does to children.

Templar.

What if the child, but for this fostering jew,
Must have expir'd in misery?

Baron.

That's nothing,
The jew has still deserv'd the faggot — for
'Twere better it here died in misery
Than for eternal woe to live. Besides,
Why should the jew forestall the hand of God?
God, if he wills to save, can save without him.

Templar.

And spite of him too save eternally.

Barbaro.

That's nothing! Still the jew is to be burnt.

Templar.

That hurts me — more particularly as
'Tis said he has not so much taught the maid
His faith, as brought her up with the mere knowledge
Of what our reason teaches about God.

Barbaro.

That's nothing! Still the jew is to be burnt —
And for this very reason would deserve
To be thrice burnt. How, let a child grow up }
Without a faith? Not even teach a child }
The greatest of its duties, to believe? }
'Tis heinous! I am quite astonish'd, knight,
That you yourself —

Templar.

The rest, right reverend sir,
In the confessional, but not before. [Offers to go.

Barbaro.

What off — not stay for my interrogation —
Not name to me this infidel, this jew —
Not find him up for me at once? But hold,
A thought occurs, I'll straightway to the sultan
Conformably to the capitulation,
Which Saladin has sworn, he must support us
In all the privileges, all the doctrines
Which appertain to our most holy faith,
Thank God, we've the original in keeping,
We have his hand and seal to it — we —
And I shall lead him easily to think

How very dangerous for the state it is
 Not to believe. All civic bonds divide,
 Like flax fire-touch'd, where subjects don't believe.
 Away with foul impiety!

Templar.

It happens
 Somewhat unlucky that I want the leisure
 To enjoy this holy sermon. I am sent for
 To Saladin.

Friar.

Why then — indeed — if so —

Templar.

And will prepare the sultan, if agreeable,
 For your right reverend visit.

Friar.

I have heard
 That you found favor in the sultan's sight,
 I beg with all humility to be
 Remember'd to him. I am purely motiv'd
 By zeal in th' cause of God — What of too much
 I do, I do for him — weigh that in goodness.
 'Twas then, most noble sir — what you were starting
 About the jew — a problem merely!

Templar.

Problem!

[Goes.

Friar.
 Of whose foundation I'll have nearer knowledge.
 Another job for brother Bonafides.
 Hither my son!

[Converses with the Friar as he walks off.

SCENE. — A Room in the Palace.

Slatet bring in a number of purses and pile them on the floor.
Saladin is present.

Saladin.

In troth this has no end. And is there much
Of this same thing behind?

Slatet.

About one half.

Saladin.

Then take the rest to Sittah. Where's Al-Hafi?
What's here Al-Hafi shall take charge of strait.
Or shan't I rather send it to my father;
Here it slips thro' one's fingers. Sure in time
One may grow callous; it shall now cost labor
To come at much from me — at least until
The treasures come from Egypt, poverty
Must shift as 't can — yet at the sepulchre
The charges must go on — the christian pilgrims
Shall not go back without an alms.

Saladin and Sittah.

Sittah (entering).

Why this?

Wherefore the gold to me?

Saladin.

Pay thyself with it,
And if there's something left 'twill be in store.
Are Nathan and the templar not yet come?

Sittah.

He has been seeking for him everywhere —

Look what I met with when the plate and jewels
Were passing thro' my hands —

[Shewing a small portrait.]

Suladin.

Ha! What, my brother?

'Tis he, 'tis he, *was* he, *was* he alas!
Thou dear brave youth, and lost to me so early;
What would I not with thee and at thy side
Have undertaken? Let me have the portrait,
I recollect it now again; he gave it
Unto thy elder sister, to his Lilah,
That morning that she would not part with him,
But clasp'd him so in tears. It was the last
Morning that he rode out; and I — I let him
Ride unattended. Lilah died for grief,
And never could forgive me that I let him
Then ride alone. He came not back.

Sittib.

Poor brother —

Suladin.

Time shall be when none of us will come back,
And then who knows? It is not death alone
That balks the hopes of young men of his cast,
Such have far other foes, and oftentimes
The strongest like the weakest is o'ercome.
Be as it may — I must compare this picture
With our young templar, to observe how much
My fancy cheated me.

Sittib.

I therefore brought it;
But give it me, I'll tell thee if 'tis like.
We women see that best.

Saladin (to a slave at the door).

 Ah, who is there?

The templar? let him come.

Sittah (throws herself on a sofa apart and drops her veil).

 Not to interfere,

Or with my curiosity disturb you.

Saladin.

That's right. And then his voice, will that be like?

The tone of Assad's voice, sleeps somewhere yet —

So —

Templar and Saladin.

Templar.

I thy prisoner, sultan.

Saladin.

Thou my prisoner —

And shall I not to him whose life I gave

Also give freedom?

Templar.

What 'twere worthy thine

To do, it is my part to hear of thee,

And not to take for granted. But, O Sultan,

To lay loud protestations at thy feet

Of gratitude for a life spared, agrees

Not with my station or my character.

At all times, 'tis once more, prince, at thy service.

Saladin.

Only forbear to use it against me.

Not that I grudge my enemy one pair more

Of hands — but such a heart, it goes against me

To yield him. I have been deceiv'd with thee,

Thou brave young man, in nothing — Yes, thou art
 In soul and body Assad. I could ask thee,
 Where then hast thou been lurking all this time?
 Or in what cavern slept? What Ginnistan
 Chose some kind Perie for thy hiding-place,
 That she might ever keep the flower thus fresh?
 Methinks I could remind thee here and yonder
 Of what we did together — could abuse thee
 For having had one secret, e'en to me —
 Cheat me of one adventure — yes, I could,
 If I saw thee alone, and not myself.
 Thanks that so much of this fond sweet illusion
 At least is true, that in my sear of life
 An Assad blossoms for me. Thou art willing?

Templar.

All that from thee comes to me, whatsoever
 It chance to prove, lies as a wish already
 Within my soul.

Saladin.

We'll try th' experiment.
 Wilt thou stay with me? dwell about me? boots not
 As mussulman or christian, in a turban
 Or a white mantle — I have never wish'd
 To see the same bark grow about all trees.

Templar.

Else, Saladin, thou hardly hadst become
 The hero that thou art, alike to all
 The gardener of the Lord.

Saladin.

If thou think not
 The worse of me for this, we're half right.

Templar.

Quite so.

Saladin (holds out his hand).
One word.

Templar (takes it).

One man — and with this, receive more
Than thou canst take away again — thine wholly.

Saladin.
'Tis for one day too great a gain — too great.
Came he not with thee?

Templar.

Who?

Saladin.

Who? Nathan.

Templar (coldly).

No,

I came alone.

Saladin.

O what a deed of thine!
And what a happiness, a blessing to thee,
That such a deed was serving such a man.

Templar.

Yes, yes.

Saladin.

So cold — no my young friend — when God
Does thro' our means a service, we ought not
To be so cold, not out of modesty
Wish to appear so cold.

Templar.

In this same world
All things have many sides, and 'tis not easy
To comprehend how they can fit each other.

Saladin.

Cling ever to the best — Give praise to God,
Who knows how they can fit. But, my young man,

If thou wilt be so difficult, I must
Be very cautious with thee, for I too
Have many sides, and some of them perhaps
Such as mayn't always seem to fit.

Templar.

That wounds me;
Suspicion usually is not my failing.

Suladin.

Say then of whom thou harbour'st it, of Nathan?
So should thy talk imply — canst thou suspect him?
Give me the first proof of thy confidence.

Templar.

I've nothing against Nathan, I am angry
With myself only.

Suladin.

And for what?

Templar.

For dreaming
That any jew could learn to be no jew —
For dreaming it awake.

Suladin.

Out with this dream.

Templar.

Thou knowst of Nathan's daughter, sultan. What
I did for her I did — because I did it;
Too proud to reap thanks which I had not sown for,
I shunn'd from day to day her very sight.
The father was far off. He comes, he hears,
He seeks me, thanks me, wishes that his daughter
May please me; talks to me of dawning prospects —
I listen to his prate, go, see, and find
A girl indeed. O, sultan, I am ashamed —

Saladin.

Asham'd that a jew girl knew how to make
Impression on thee, surely not.

Templar.

But that
To this impression my rash yielding heart,
Trusting the smoothness of the father's prate,
Oppos'd no more resistance. Fool — I sprang
A second time into the flame, and then
I wooed, and was deny'd.

Saladin.

Deny'd! Deny'd!

Templar.

The prudent father does not flatly say
No to my wishes, but the prudent father
Must first enquire, and look about, and think.
Oh, by all means. Did not I do the same?
Did not I look about and ask who 'twas
While she was shrieking in the flame? Indeed,
By God, 'tis something beautifully wise
To be so circumspect.

Saladin.

Come, come, forgive
Something to age. His lingerings cannot last.
He is not going to require of thee
First to turn jew.

Templar.
Who knows?

Saladin.

Who? I, who know
This Nathan better.

Templar.
Yet the superstition

In which we have grown up, not therefore loses
When we detect it, all its influence on us.
Not all are free that can bemock their fetters.

Suladin.

Maturely said — but Nathan, surely Nathan —

Templar.

The worst of superstitions is to think
One's own most bearable.

Suladin.

May be, but Nathan —

Templar.

Must Nathan be the mortal, who unshrinking
Can face the noon-tide ray of truth, nor there
Betray the twilight dungeon which he crawl'd from.

Suladin.

Yes, Nathan is that man.

Templar.

I thought so too,
But what if this pick'd man, this chosen sage,
Were such a thoro' jew, that he seeks out
For christian children to bring up as jews —
How then?

Suladin.

Who says this of him?

Templar.

E'en the maid
With whom he frets me — with the hope of whom
He seem'd to joy in paying me the service,
Which he would not allow me to do gratis —
This very maid is not his daughter — no,
She is a kidnapp'd christian child.

S_ul_ad_in.

Whom he
Has, notwithstanding, to thy wish refus'd?

T_em_pl_ur (*with vehemence*).
Refus'd or not, I know him now. There lies
The prating tolerationist unmask'd —
And I'll halloo upon this Jewish wolf,
For all his philosophical sheep's-clothing,
Dogs that shall touze his hide.

S_ul_ad_in (*earnestly*).

Peace, christian!

T_em_pl_ur.

What!

Peace, christian — and may jew and mussulman
Stickle for being jew and mussulman,
And must the christian only drop the christian?

S_ul_ad_in (*more solemnly*).
Peace, christian!

T_em_pl_ur (*calmly*).
Yes, I feel what weight of blame
Lies in that word of thine pent up. O that
I knew how Assad in my place would act.

S_ul_ad_in.

He — not much better, probably as fiery.
Who has already taught thee thus at once
Like him to bribe me with a single word?
Indeed, if all has past as thou narratest,
I scarcely can discover Nathan in it.
But Nathan is my friend, and of my friends
One must not bicker with the other. Bend —
And be directed. Move with caution. Do not
Loose on him the fanatics of thy sect.

Conceal what all thy clergy would be claiming
 My hand to avenge upon him, with more show
 Of right than is my wish. Be not from spite
 To any jew or mussulman a christian.

Templar.

Thy counsel is but on the brink of coming
 Somewhat too late, thanks to the Patriarch's
 Bloodthirsty rage, whose instrument I shudder
 To have almost become.

Saladin.

How! how! thou wentest
 Still earlier to the patriarch than to me?

Templar.

Yes, in the storm of passion, in the eddy
 Of indecision — pardon — oh! thou wilt
 No longer care, I fear, to find in me
 One feature of thy Assad.

Saladin.

Yes, that fear.

Methinks I know by this time from what failings
 Our virtue springs — this do thou cultivate,
 Those shall but little harm thee in my sight.
 But go, seek Nathan, as he sought for thee,
 And bring him hither: I must reconcile you.
 If thou art serious about the maid —
 Be calm, she shall be thine — Nathan shall feel
 That without swine's flesh one may educate
 A christian child, Go.

[*Templar withdraws.*

Sittah (*rising from the sofa.*)

Very strange indeed!

Saladin.

Well, Sittah, must my Assad not have been
 A gallant handsome youth?

Sittib.

If he was thus,
And 'twasn't the Templar who sat to the painter.
But how cou'dst thou be so forgetful, brother,
As not to ask about his parents?

Saladin.

And

Particularly too about his mother.
Whether his mother e'er was in this country,
That is your meaning — isn't it?

Sittib.

You run on —

Saladin.

Oh nothing is more possible, for Assad
'Mong handsome christian ladies was so welcome,
To handsome christian ladies so attached,
That once a report spread — but 'tis not pleasant
To bring that up. Let us be satisfied
That we have got him once again — have got him
With all the faults and freaks, the starts and wildness
Of his warm gentle heart — Oh, Nathan must
Give him the maid — Dost think so?

Sittib.

Give — give up!

Saladin.

Aye, for what right has Nathan with the girl
If he be not her father? He who sav'd
Her life so lately has a stronger claim
To heir their rights who gave it her at first.

Sittib.

What therefore, Saladin, if you withdraw
The maid at once from the unrightful owner?

Suladin.

There is no need of that.

Sittah.

Need, not precisely;
But female curiosity inspires
Me with that counsel. There are certain men
Of whom one is irresistibly impatient
To know what women they can be in love with.

Suladin.

Well then you may send for her.

Sittah.

May I brother?

Suladin.

But hurt not Nathan, he must not imagine
That we propose by violence to part them.

Sittah.

Be without apprehension.

Suladin.

Fare you well,
I must make out where this Al-Hafi is.

SCENE. — The Hall in Nathan's House, as in the first scene;
the things there mentioned unpack'd and display'd.

Baya and Nathan.

Baya.

O how magnificent, how tasty, charming —
All such as only you could give — and where
Was this thin silver stuff with sprigs of gold
Woven? What might it cost? Yes, this is worthy
To be a wedding-garment. Not a queen
Could wish a handsomer.

Nathan.
Why wedding-garment?

Perhaps of that you thought not when you bought it;
But Nathan it must be so, must indeed.
It seems made for a bride — the pure white ground,
Emblem of innocence — the branching gold,
Emblem of wealth — Now is not it delightful?

Saga.
What's all this ingenuity of speech for?
Over whose wedding-gown are you displaying
Your emblematic learning? Have you found
A bridegroom?

I —

Nathan.
Who then?

Saga.

I — Gracious God!

Nathan.
Who then? Whose wedding-garment do you speak of?
For this is all your own and no one's else.

Saga.
Mine — is't for me and not for Recha?

Nathan.
I brought for Recha is in another bale.
Come, clear it off; away with all your rubbish.

Saga.
You tempter — No — Were they the precious things
Of the whole universe, I will not touch them;

Until you promise me to seize upon
Such an occasion as heaven gives not twice.

Nathan.

Seize upon what occasion? For what end?

Bagoz.

There, do not act so strange. You must perceive
The Templar loves your Recha — Give her to him;
Then will your sin, which I can hide no longer,
Be at an end. The maid will come once more
Among the christians, will be once again
What she was born to, will be what she was;
And you, by all the benefits, for which
We cannot thank you enough, will not have heap'd
More coals of fire upon your head.

Nathan.

Again

Harping on the old string, new tun'd indeed,
But so as neither to accord nor hold.

Bagoz.

How so?

Nathan.

The templar pleases me indeed,
I 'd rather he than any one had Recha;
But — do have patience.

Bagoz.

Patience — and is that
Not the old string you harp on?

Nathan.

Patience, patience,
For a few days — no more. Ha! who comes here?
A friar — ask what he wants.

Daya (going).

What can he want?

Gathen.

Give, give before he begs. O could I tell
How to come at the templar, not betraying
The motive of my curiosity —
For if I tell it, and if my suspicion
Be groundless, I have stak'd the father idly.
What is the matter?

Daya (returning).

He must speak to you.

Gathen.

Then let him come to me. Go you meanwhile. [Daya goes.
How gladly would I still remain my Recha's
Father. And can I not remain so, tho'
I cease to wear the name. To her, to her
I still shall wear it, when she once perceives [Friar enters.
How willingly I were so. Pious brother,
What can be done to serve you?

Gathen and Friar.

Friar.

O not much;

And yet I do rejoice to see you yet
So well.

Gathen.

You know me then —

Friar.

Who knows you not?
You have impress'd your name in many a hand,
And it has been in mine these many years,

Gathen (feeling for his purse).
Here, brother, I'll refresh it.

Friar.

Thank you, thank you —
From poorer men I'd steal — but nothing now!
Only allow me to refresh my name
In your remembrance; for I too may boast
To have of old put something in your hand
Not to be scorn'd.

Gathen.
Excuse me I'm ashamed,
What was it? Claim it of me sevenfold,
I'm ready to atone for my forgetting.

Friar.
But before all, hear how this very day
I was reminded of the pledge I brought you.

Gathen.
A pledge to me intrusted?

Friar.
Some time since,
I dwelt as hermit on the Quarantana,
Not far from Jericho, but Arab robbers
Came and broke up my cell and oratory,
And dragg'd me with them. Fortunately I
Escap'd, and with the patriarch sought a refuge,
To beg of him some other still retreat,
Where I may serve my God in solitude
Until my latter end.

Gathen.
I stand on coals —
Quick, my good brother, let me know what pledge
You once intrusted to me.

Friar.

Presently,

Good Nathan, presently. The patriarch
Has promis'd me a hermitage on Thabor,
As soon as one is vacant, and meanwhile
Employes me as lay-brother in the convent,
And there I am at present: and I pine
A hundred times a day for Thabor; for
The patriarch will set me about all work,
And some that I can't brook — as for example —

Nathan.

Be speedy I beseech you.

Friar.

Now it happens

That some one whisper'd in his ear to-day,
There lives hard by a jew, who educates
A christian child as his own daughter.

Nathan (startled).

How?

Friar.

Hear me quite out. So he commissions me,
If possible to track him out this jew;
And storm'd most bitterly at the misdeed;
Which seems to him to be the very sin
Against the Holy Ghost — that is, the sin
Of all, most unforgiven, most enormous;
But luckily we cannot tell exactly
What it consists in — All at once my conscience
Was rous'd, and it occurr'd to me that I
Perhaps had given occasion to this sin.
Now do not you remember a knight's squire,
Who eighteen years ago gave to your hands
A female child a few weeks old?

Nathan.

How that?

In fact such was —

Friar.

Now look with heed at me,
And recollect. I was the man on horseback
Who brought the child.

Nathan.

Was you?

Friar.

And he, from whom
I brought it, was methinks a lord of Filnek —
Leonard of Filnek.

Nathan.

Right!

Friar.

Because the mother
Died a short time before; and he, the father,
Had on a sudden to make off to Gazza,
Where the poor helpless thing could not go with him;
Therefore he sent it you — that was my message.
Did not I find you out at Darun? there
Consign it to you?

Nathan.

Yes.

Friar.

It were no wonder
My memory deceiv'd me. I have had
Many a worthy master, and this one
I serv'd not long. He fell at Askalon —
But he was a kind lord.

Nathan.

O yes, indeed;

For much have I to thank him, very much —
He more than once preserv'd me from the sword.

Friar.

O brave — you therefore will with double pleasure
Have taken up this daughter.

Gathen.

You have said it.

Friar.

Where is she then? She is not dead I hope —
I would not have her dead, dear pretty creature.
If no one else know any thing about it
All is yet safe.

Gathen.

Aye all!

Friar.

Yes, trust me, Nathan,
This is my way of thinking — if the good
That I propose to do is somehow twin'd
With mischief, then I let the good alone;
For we know pretty well what mischief is,
But not what's for the best. 'Twas natural
If you meant to bring up the christian child
Right well, that you should rear it as your own;
And to have done this lovingly and truly,
For such a recompense — were horrible.
It might have been more prudent to have had it
Brought up at second hand by some good christian
In her own faith. But your friend's orphan child
You would not then have lov'd. Children need love,
Were it the mute affection of a brute,
More at that age than christianity.
There's always time enough for that — and if
The maid have but grown up before your eyes

With a sound frame and pious — she remains
 Still in her maker's eye the same. For is not
 Christianity all built on judaism?

O, it has often vex'd me, cost me tears,
 That christians will forget so often that
 Our saviour was a jew.

Gathen.

You, my good brother,
 Shall be my advocate, when bigot hate
 And hard hypocrisy shall rise upon me —
 And for a deed—a deed—thou, thou shalt know it —
 But take it with thee to the tomb. As yet
 Has vanity ne'er tempted me to tell it
 To living soul — only to thee I tell it,
 To simple piety alone; for it
 Alone can feel what deeds the man who trusts
 In God can gain upon himself.

Friar.

You seem
 Affected, and your eye-balls swim in water.

Gathen.

'Twas at Darun you met me with the child;
 But you will not have known that a few days
 Before, the christians murdered every jew in Gath,
 Woman and child; that among these, my wife
 With seven hopeful sons were found, who all
 Beneath my brother's roof, which they had fled to,
 Were burnt alive.

Friar.

Just God!

Gathen.

And when you came,
 Three nights had I in dust and ashes lain

Before my God and wept — aye, and at times
Arraign'd my maker, rag'd, and curs'd myself
And the whole world, and to christianity
Swore unrelenting hate.

Grisier.

Ah, I believe you.

Nathan.

But by degrees returning reason came,
She spake with gentle voice — And yet God is,
And this was his decree — now exercise
What thou hast long imagin'd, and what surely
Is not more difficult to exercise
Than to imagine — if thou will it once.
I rose and call'd out — God, I will — I will,
So thou but aid my purpose — And behold
You was just then dismounted, and presented
To me the child wrapt in your mantle. What
You said, or I, occurs not to me now —
Thus much I recollect — I took the child,
I bore it to my couch, I kist it, flung
Myself upon my knees and sobbed — my God,
Now have I one out of the seven again!

Grisier.

Nathan, you are a christian! Yes, by God
You are a christian — never was a better.

Nathan.

Heaven bless us! What makes me to you a christian
Makes you to me a Jew. But let us cease
To melt each other — time is nigh to act,
And tho' a sevenfold love had bound me soon
To this strange only girl, tho' the mere thought,
That I shall lose in her my seven sons

A second time, distracts me — yet I will,
If providence require her at my hands,
Obey.

Friar.

The very thing I should advise you;
But your good genius has forestall'd my thought.

Nathan.

The first best claimant must not seek to tear
Her from me.

Friar.

No most surely not.

Nathan.

And he,
That has not stronger claims than I, at least
Ought to have earlier.

Friar.

Certainly.

Nathan.

By nature
And blood conferr'd.

Friar.

I mean so too.

Nathan.

Then name

The man allied to her as brother, uncle,
Or otherwise akin, and I from him
Will not withhold her — she who was created
And was brought up to be of any house,
Of any faith, the glory — I, I hope,
That of your master and his race you knew
More than myself.

Friar.

I hardly think that, Nathan;

For I already told you that I pass'd
A short time with him.

Guthan.

Can you tell at least
The mother's family name? She was, I think,
A Stauffen.

Friar.

May be — yes, in fact, you're right.

Guthan.

Conrade of Stauffen was her brother's name —
He was a templar.

Friar.

I am clear it was.

But stay, I recollect I've yet a book,
'Twas my dead lord's — I drew it from his bosom,
While we were burying him at Askalon.

Guthan.

Well!

Friar.

There are prayers in't, 'tis what we call
A breviary. This, thought I, may yet serve
Some christian man — not me indeed, for I
Can't read.

Guthan.

No matter, to the thing.

Friar.

This book is written at both ends quite full,
And, as I'm told, contains, in his hand-writing,
About both him and her what's most material.

Guthan.

Go, run and fetch the book — 'tis fortunate;
I am ready with its weight in gold to pay it,
And thousand thanks beside — Go, run.

First.

But 'tis in Arabic what he has written. Most gladly;
[Goes.]

Satibn.

No matter — that's all one — do fetch it — Oh!
 If by its means I may retain the daughter,
 And purchase with it such a son-in-law;
 But that's unlikely — well, chance as it may.
 Who now can have been with the patriarch
 To tell this tale? That I must not forget
 To ask about. If't were of Daya's?

*Nathan and Daya.**Daya (anxiously breaks in).*

Nathan!

Satibn.

Well!

Daya.

Only think, she was quite frightened at it,
 Poor child, a message —

Satibn.

From the patriarch?

Daya.

No —

The sultan's sister, princess Sittah, sends.

Satibn.

And not the patriarch?

Daya.

Can't you hear? The princess
 Has sent to see your Recha.

Satibn.

Sent for Recha!

Has Sittah sent for Recha? Well if Sittah,
And not the patriarch, sends.

Say.

Why think of him?
Sittah.

Have you heard nothing from him lately — really
Seen nothing of him — whisper'd nothing to him?

Say.

How, I to him?

Sittah.

Where are the messengers?

Say.

There, just before you.

Sittah.

I will talk with them
Out of precaution. If there's nothing lurking
Beneath this message of the patriarch's doing — [Goes.

Say.

And I — I've other fears. The only daughter,
As they suppose, of such a rich, rich jew,
Would for a mussulman be no bad thing;
I bet the templar will be chous'd, unless
I risk the second step, and to herself
Discover who she is. Let me for this
Employ the first short moments we're alone;
And that will be — oh, as I am going with her.
A serious hint upon the road I think
Can't be amiss — yes, now or never — yes.

ACT V.

SCENE. — A Room in the Palace; the Purses still in a pile.

Saladin and, soon after, several Mamelukes.

Saladin (as he comes in).

Here lies the money still, and no one finds
The dervis yet — he's probably got somewhere
Over a chess-board. Play would often make
The man forget himself, and why not, me.
Patience — Ha! what's the matter.

Saladin and Ibrahim.

Ibrahim.

Happy news —

Joy, sultan, joy, the caravan from Cairo
Is safe arriv'd, and brings the seven years' tribute
Of the rich Nile.

Saladin.

Bravo, my Ibrahim,
Thou always wast a welcome messenger,
And now at length — at length — accept my thanks
For the good tidings.

Ibrahim (waiting).

Hither with them, sultan.

Saladin.

What art thou waiting for? Go.

Ibrahim.

Nothing further
For my glad news?

Saladin.
What further?

Ibrahim.
Errand boys

Earn hire—and when their message smiles i' the telling,
The sender's hire by the receiver's bounty
Is oft outweigh'd. Am I to be the first,
Whom Saladin at length has learnt to pay
In words? The first about whose recompense
The sultan higgled?

Saladin.
Go, pick up a purse.

Ibrahim.

No, not now—you might give them all away.

Saladin.
All—hold, man. Here, come hither, take these two—
And is he really going—shall he conquer
Me then in generosity? for surely
'Tis harder for this fellow to refuse
Than 'tis for me to give. Here, Ibrahim—
Shall I be tempted, just before my exit,
To be a different man—shall Saladin
Not die like Saladin, then wherefore live so?

Abdullah and Saladin.

Abdullah.

Hail, Sultan!

Saladin.

If thou comest to inform me
That the whole convoy is arrived from Egypt,
I know it already.

Sabbâlîn.
Do I come too late?

Saladin.

Too late, and why too late? There for thy tidings
Pick up a purse or two.

Sabbâlîn.
Does that make three?

Saladin.

So thou wouldest reckon — well, well, take them, take them.

Sabbâlîn.
A third will yet be here if he be able.

Saladin.
How so?

Sabbâlîn.
He may perhaps have broke his neck.
We three, as soon as certain of the coming
Of the rich caravan, each crost our horses,
And gallop'd hitherward. The foremost fell,
Then I was foremost, and continued so
Into the city, but sly Ibrahim,
Who knows the streets —

Saladin.
But he that fell, go, seek him.

Sabbâlîn.
That will I quickly — if he lives, the half
Of what I've got is his. [Goes.]

Saladin.
What a fine fellow!
And who can boast such mamalukes as these;
And is it not allowed me to imagine
That my example help'd to form them. Hence
With the vile thought at last to turn another.

A third Conjuror.

Sultan —

Saladin.

Was't thou who fell?

Conjuror.

No, I've to tell thee
That Emir Mansor, who conducts the convoy,
Alights.

Saladin.

O bring him to me — Ah, he's there —
Be welcome, Emir. What has happen'd to thee?
For we have long expected thee.

Saladin and Emir.

Emir (after the wont obeisance).

This letter

Will show, that, in Thebais, discontents
Requir'd thy Abulkassem's sabred hand,
Ere we could march. Since that, our progress, sultan,
My zeal has sped most anxiously.

Saladin.

I trust thee —
But my good Mansor take without delay —
Thou art not loth to go further — fresh protection,
And with the treasure on to Libanon;
The greater part at least I have to lodge
With my old father.

Emir.

O, most willingly.

Saladin.

And take not a slight escort. Libanon
Is far from quiet, as thou wilt have heard;

The templars stir afresh, be therefore cautious.
Come, I must see thy troop, and give the orders.

Say I shall be with Sittah when I've finish'd.

[*To a slave.*

SCENE. — A Place of Palms.

The Templar walking to and fro.

Templar.

Into this house I go not — sure at last
He'll show himself — once, once they us'd to see me
So instantly, so gladly — time will come
When he'll send out most civilly to beg me
Not to pace up and down before his door.
Psha — and yet I'm a little nettled too;
And what has thus embitter'd me against him?
He answered yes. He has refus'd me nothing
As yet. And Saladin has undertaken
To bring him round. And does the christian nestle
Deeper in me than the jew lurks in him?
Who, who can justly estimate himself?
How comes it else that I should grudge him so
The little booty that he took such pains
To rob the christians of? A theft, no less
Than such a creature tho' — but whose, whose creature?
Sure not the slave's who floated the mere block
On to life's barren strand, and then ran off;
But his the artist's, whose fine fancy moulded
Upon the unown'd block a godlike form,
Whose chisel grav'd it there. Recha's true father,
Spite of the christian who begot her, is,
Must ever be, the jew. Alas, were I

To fancy her a simple christian wench,
And without all that which the jew has given,
Which only such a jew could have bestow'd —
Speak out my heart, what had she that would please thee?
No, nothing! Little! For her very smile
Shrinks to a pretty twisting of the muscles —
Be that, which makes her smile, suppos'd unworthy
Of all the charms in ambush on her lips?
No, not her very smile — I've seen sweet smiles
Spent on conceit, on foppery, on slander,
On flatterers, on wicked wooers spent,
And did they charm me then? then wake the wish
To flutter out a life beneath their sunshine?
Indeed not — Yet I'm angry with the man
Who alone gave this higher value to her.
How this, and why? Do I deserve the taunt
With which I was dismiss'd by Saladin?
'Tis bad enough that Saladin should think so;
How little, how contemptible must I
Then have appear'd to him — all for a girl.
Conrade, this will not do — back, back — And if
Days to boot had prated matter to me
Not easy to be proved — At last he's coming,
Engag'd in earnest converse — and with whom?
My friar in Nathan's house! then he knows all —
Perhaps has to the patriarch been betray'd.
O Conrade, what vile mischiefs thou hast brooded
Out of thy cross-grain'd head, that thus one spark —
Of that same passion, love, can set so much
O' th' brain in flame? Quick then, determine, wretch,
What shalt thou say or do? Step back a moment
And see if this good friar will please to quit him.

Nathan and the Friar come together out of Nathan's house.

Nathan.

Once more, good brother, thanks.

Friar.

The like to you.

Nathan.

To me, and why; because I'm obstinate—
Would force upon you what you have no use for?

Friar.

The book besides was none of mine. Indeed
It must at any rate belong to th' daughter;
It is her whole, her only patrimony—
Save she has you. God grant you ne'er have reason
To sorrow for the much you've done for her.

Nathan.

How should I? that can never be; fear nothing.

Friar.

Patriarchs and templars—

Nathan.

Have not in their power
Evil enough to make me e'er repent.
And then — But are you really well assured
It is a templar who eggs on your patriarch?

Friar.

It scarcely can be other, for a templar
Talk'd with him just before, and what I heard
Agreed with this.

Nathan.

But there is only one
Now in Jerusalem; and him I know;
He is my friend, a noble open youth.

Friar.

The same. But what one is at heart, and what
One gets to be in active life, mayn't always
Square well together.

Gathaz.

No, alas, they do not.

Therefore unanger'd I let others do
Their best or worst. O brother, with your book
I set all at defiance, and am going
Strait with it to the sultan.

Friar.

God be with you!

Here I shall take my leave.

Gathaz.

And have not seen her —

Come soon, come often to us. If to-day
The patriarch make out nothing — but no matter,
Tell him it all to-day, or when you will.

Friar.

Not I — farewell!

Gathaz.

Do not forget us, brother.

My God, why may I not beneath thy sky
Here drop upon my knees; now the twin'd knot,
Which has so often made my thinkings anxious,
Untangles of itself — God, how I am eased,
Now that I've nothing in the world remaining
That I need hide — now that I can as freely
Walk before man as before thee, who only
Need'st not to judge a creature by his deeds —
Deeds which so seldom are his own — O God!

*Nathan and Templar.**Templar (coming forward).*

Hoa, Nathan, take me with you.

Nathan.

Ha! Who calls?

Is it you, knight? And whither have you been
That you could not be met with at the sultan's?*Templar.*

We miss'd each other — take it not amiss.

Nathan.

I, no, but Saladin.

Templar.

You was just gone.

Nathan.

O, then you spoke with him; I'm satisfied.

Templar.

Yes — but he wants to talk with us together.

*Nathan.*So much the better. Come with me, my step
Was eitherwise bent thither.*Templar.*May I ask,
Nathan, who 'twas now left you?*Nathan.*

Did you know him?

*Templar.*Was't that good-hearted creature the lay-brother,
Whom the hoar patriarch has a knack of using
To feel his way out?

Nathan.

That may be. In fact
He's at the patriarch's.

Templar.

'Tis no awkward hit
To make simplicity the harbinger
Of craft.

Nathan.

If the simplicity of dunces,
But if of honest piety?

Templar.

This last
No patriarch can believe in.

Nathan.

I'll be bound for't
This last belongs to him who quitted me,
He'll not assist his patriarch to accomplish
A vile or cruel purpose.

Templar.

Such, at least,
He would appear — but has he told you then
Something of me?

Nathan.

Of you? No — not by name,
He can't well be acquainted with your name.

Templar.

No, that not.

Nathan.

He indeed spoke of a templar,
Who —

Templar.

What?

Nathan.

But by this templar could not mean
To point out you.

Templar.

Stay, stay, who knows? Let's hear.

Nathan.

Who has accus'd me to his patriarch.

Templar.

Accus'd thee, no, that by his leave is false.
Nathan, do hear me—I am not the man
Who would deny a single of his actions;
What I have done, I did. Nor am I one
Who would defend all he has done as right—
Why be ashamed of failing? Am I not
Firmly resolv'd on better future conduct?
And am I not aware how much the man
That's willing can improve? O, hear me, Nathan—
I am the templar your lay-brother talk'd of—
Who has accus'd— You know what made me angry,
What set the blood in all my veins on fire,
The mad-cap that I was—I had drawn nigh
To fling myself with soul and body whole
Into your arms—and you receiv'd me, Nathan—
How cold, how luke-warm, for that's worse than cold.—
How, with words weigh'd and measur'd, you took care
To put me off; and with what questioning
About my parentage, and God knows what,
You seem'd to answer me—I must not think on't
If I would keep my temper—Hear me, Nathan—
While in this ferment—Daya steps behind me,
Bolts out a secret in my ear, which seem'd
At once to lend the clue to your behavior.

Nathan.

How so?

Templar.

Do hear me to the end. I fancy'd
That what you from the christians had purloin'd
You ~~would~~ content to let a christian have;
And so the project struck me short and good,
To hold the knife to your throat till —

Nathan.

Short and good;
And good — but where's the good?

Templar.

Yet hear me, Nathan,
I own I did not right — you are unguilty,
No doubt. The prating Daya does not know
What she reported — has a grudge against you —
Seeks to involve you in an ugly business —
May be, may be, and I'm a crazy looby,
A credulous enthusiast — both ways mad —
Doing ever much too much, or much too little —
That too may be — forgive me, Nathan.

Nathan.

If

Such be the light in which you view —

Templar.

In short
I to the patriarch went. I nam'd you not.
That, as I said, was false. I only stated
In general terms, the case, to learn his notion,
That too might have been let alone — assuredly.
For knew I not the patriarch then to be
A knave? And might I not have talk'd with you?

And ought I to have expos'd the poor girl — ha!
 To part with such a father? Now what happens?
 The patriarch's villainy consistent ever
 Restor'd me to myself — O, hear me out —
 Suppose he was to ferret out your name,
 What then? What then? He cannot seize the maid,
 Unless she still belong to none but you.
 'Tis from your house alone that he could drag her
 Into a convent; therefore, grant her me —
 Grant her to me, and let him come. By God —
 Sever my wife from me — he'll not be rash
 Enough to think about it. Give her to me,
 Be she or no thy daughter, christian, jewess,✓
 Or neither, 'tis all one, all one — I'll never
 In my whole life ask of thee which she is,
 Be't as it may.

Gathen.

You may perhaps imagine
 That I've an interest to conceal the truth.

Captain.

Be't as it may.

Gathen.

I neither have to you
 Nor any one, whom it behooved to know it,
 Denied that she's a christian, and no more
 Than my adopted daughter. Why, to her
 I have not yet betray'd it — I am bound
 To justify only to her.

Captain.

Of that

Shall be no need. Indulge, indulge her with
 Never beholding you with other eyes —
 Spare, spare her the discovery. As yet

You have her to yourself, and may bestow her;
Give her to me — oh, I beseech thee Nathan,
Give her to me, I, only I can save her
A second time, and will.

Nathan.

Yes, could have sav'd her,
But 'tis all over now — it is too late.

Templar.

How so, too late.

Nathan.

Thanks to the patriarch.

Templar.

How,
Thanks to the patriarch, and for what? Can he
Earn thanks of us. For what?

Nathan.

That now we know
To whom she is related — to whose hands
She may with confidence be now delivered.

Templar.

He thank him who has more to thank him for.

Nathan.

From theirs you now have to obtain her, not
From mine.

Templar.

Poor Recha — what befalls thee? Oh,
Poor Recha — what had been to other orphans
A blessing, is to thee a curse. But, Nathan,
Where are they, these new kinsmen?

Nathan.

Where they are?

Templar.

Who are they?

Nathan.

Who — a brother is found out
To whom you must address yourself.

Templar.

A brother!

And what is he, a soldier or a priest?
Let's hear what I've to hope.

Nathan.

As I believe
He's neither of the two — or both. Just now
I cannot say exactly.

Templar.
And besides

He's —

Nathan.

A brave fellow, and with whom my Recha
Will not be badly placed.

Templar.

But he's a christian.

At times I know not what to make of you —
Take it not ill of me, good Nathan. Will she
Not have to play the christian among christians;
And when she has been long enough the actress
Not turn so? Will the tares in time not stifle
The pure wheat of your setting — and does that
Affect you not a whit — you yet declare
She'll not be badly plac'd.

Nathan.

I think, I hope so.
And should she there have need of any thing
Has she not you and me?

Templar.

Need at her brother's—
What should she need when there? Won't he provide
His dear new sister with all sorts of dresses,
With comfits and with toys and glittering jewels?
And what needs any sister wish for else—
Only a husband? And he comes in time.
A brother will know how to furnish that,
The christianer the better. Nathan, Nathan,
O what an angel you had form'd, and how
Others will mar it now!

Guthrin.

Be not so downcast,
Believe me he will ever keep himself
Worthy our love.

Templar.

No, say not that of mine.
My love allows of no refusal — none.
Were it the merest trifle — but a name.
Hold there — has she as yet the least suspicion
Of what is going forward?

Guthrin.

That may be,
And yet I know not whence.

Templar.

It matters not,
She shall, she must in either case from me
First learn what fate is threatening. My fixt purpose
To see her not again, nor speak to her,
Till I might call her mine, is gone. I hasten —

Guthrin.

Stay, whither would you go?

Templar.

To her, to learn
If this girl's soul be masculine enough
To form the only resolution worthy
Herself.

Gathun.

What resolution?

Templar.

This — to ask
No more about her brother and her father,
And —

Gathun.

And —

Templar.

To follow me. E'en if she were
So doing to become a moslem's wife.

Gathun.

Stay, you'll not find her — she is now with Sittah,
The Sultan's sister.

Templar.

How long since, and wherefore?

Gathun.

And would you there behold her brother, come
Thither with me.

Templar.

Her brother, whose then? Sittah's
Or Recha's do you mean?

Gathun.

Both, both, perchance.
Come this way — I beseech you, come with me.

[Leads off the Templar with him.]

SCENE. — The Sultan's Palace. A Room in Sittah's Apartment.

Sittah and Bedrū.

Sittah.

How I am pleas'd with thee, sweet girl! But do
Shake off this perturbation, be not anxious,
Be not alarm'd, I want to hear thee talk —
Be cheerful.

Bedrū.

Princess!

Sittah.

No, not princess, child,
Call me thy friend, or Sittah, or thy sister,
Or rather aunt, for I might well be thine;
So young, so good, so prudent, so much knowledge,
You must have read a great deal to be thus.

Bedrū.

I read — you're laughing, Sittah, at your sister,
I scarce can read.

Sittah.

Scarce can, you little fibber.

Bedrū.

My father's hand or so — I thought you spoke
Of books.

Sittah.

Aye, surely so I did, of books.

Bedrū.

Well really now it puzzles me to read them.

Sittah.

In earnest?

גְּדוֹלָה.

Yes, in earnest, for my father
Hates cold book-learning, which makes an impression
With its dead letters only on the brain.

סִתְּתָה.

What say you? Aye, he's not unright in that.
So then the greater part of what you know —

גְּדוֹלָה.

I know but from his mouth — of most of it
I could relate to you, the how, the where,
The why he taught it me.

סִתְּתָה.

So it clings closer,
And the whole soul drinks in th' instruction.

גְּדוֹלָה.

Yes,
And Sittah certainly has not read much.

סִתְּתָה.

How so? Not that I'm vain of having read;
But what can be thy reason? Speak out boldly,
Thy reason for it.

גְּדוֹלָה.

She is so right down,
Unartificial — only like herself,
And books do seldom leave us so; my father
Says.

סִתְּתָה.

What a man thy father is, my Recha.

גְּדוֹלָה.

Is not he?

סִתְּתָה.

How he always hits the mark.

Sittah.
Does not he? And this father —

Sittah.

Love, what ails thee?

Recha.
This father —

Sittah.

God, thou'rt weeping!

Recha.

And this father —

It must have vent, my heart wants room, wants room.

Sittah.

Child, child, what ails you, Recha?

Recha.

And this father

I am to lose.

Sittah.

Thou lose him, O no, never:
Arise, be calm, how so? It must not be.

Recha.

So shall thy offer not have been in vain,
To be my friend, my sister.

Sittah.

Maid, I am.

Rise then, or I must call for help.

Recha.

Forgive,

My agony made me awhile forgetful
With whom I am. Tears, sobbing, and despair,
Can not avail with Sittah. Cool calm reason
Alone is over her omnipotent;
Whose cause that pleads before her, he has conquer'd.

Sittig.

Well then!

Gebu.

My friend, my sister, suffer not
Another father to be forc'd upon me.

Sittig.

Another father to be forc'd upon thee —
Who can do that, or wish to do it, Recha?

Gebu.

Who? Why my good, my evil genius, Daya,
She, she can wish it, will it — and can do it.
You do not know this dear good evil Daya.
God, God forgive it her — reward her for it;
So much good she has done me, so much evil.

Sittig.

Evil to thee — much goodness she can't have.

Gebu.

O yes, she has indeed.

Sittig.

Who is she?

Gebu.

Who?

A christian, who took care of all my childhood.
You cannot think how little she allow'd me
To miss a mother — God reward her for it —
But then she has so teas'd, so tortur'd me.

Sittig.

And about what? Why, how, when?

Gebu.

The poor woman,
I tell thee, is a christian — and she must
From love torment — is one of those enthusiasts

Who think they only know the one true road
To God.

Sittib.
I comprehend thee.

Brahm.
And who feel
Themselves in duty bound to point it out
To every one who is not in this path,
To lead, to drag them into it. And indeed
They can't do otherwise consistently;
For if theirs really be the only road
On which 'tis safe to travel — they cannot
With comfort see their friends upon another
Which leads to ruin, to eternal ruin:
Else were it possible at the same instant
To love and hate the same man. Nor is 't this
Which forces me to be aloud complainant.
Her groans, her prayers, her warnings, and her threats,
I willingly should have abided longer —
Most willingly — they always called up thoughts
Useful and good; and whom does it not flatter
To be by whomsoever held so dear,
So precious, that they cannot bear the thought
Of parting with us at some time for ever?

Sittib.
Most true.

Brahm.
But — but — at last this goes too far;
I've nothing to oppose to it, neither patience,
Neither reflection — nothing.

Sittib.
How, to what?

Geðn.

To what she has just now, as she will have it,
Discover'd to me.

Sittn.

How discover'd to thee?

Geðn.

Yes, just this instant. Coming hitherward
We past a fallen temple of the christians —
She all at once stood still, seem'd inly struggling,
Turn'd her moist eyes to heaven, and then on me.
Come, says she finally, let us to the right
Thro' this old fane — she leads the way, I follow.
My eyes with horror overran the dim
And tottering ruin — all at once she stops
By the sunk steps of a low moorish altar. —
O how I felt, when there, with streaming tears
And wringing hands, prostrate before my feet
She fell.

Sittn.

Good child —

Geðn.

And by the holy virgin,
Who there had hearken'd many a prayer, and wrought
Many a wonder, she conjur'd, intreated,
With looks of heartfelt sympathy and love,
I would at length take pity of myself —
At least forgive, if she must now unfold
What claims her church had on me.

Sittn.

Ah! I guess'd it.

Geðn.

That I am sprung of christian blood — baptiz'd —
Not Nathan's daughter — and he not my father.

God, God, he not my father! Sittah, Sittah,
See me once more low at thy feet.

Sittah.

O Recha,
Not so; arise, my brother's coming, rise.

Saladin, Sittah, and Geduz.

Saladin (*entering*).

What is the matter Sittah?

Sittah.

She is swoon'd —

God —

Saladin.

Who?

Sittah.

You know sure.

Saladin.

What our Nathan's daughter?

What ails her?

Sittah.

Child, come to thyself, the sultan.

Geduz.

No, I'll not rise, not rise, not look upon
The sultan's countenance — I'll not admire
The bright reflection of eternal justice
And mercy on his brow, and in his eye,
Before —

Saladin.

Rise, rise.

Geduz.

Before he shall have promis'd —

Saladin.

Come, come, I promise whatsoe'er thy prayer.

Gediz.

Nor more nor less than leave my father to me,
And me to him. As yet I cannot tell
What other wants to be my father. Who
Can want it, care I not to enquire. Does blood
Alone then make the father? blood alone?

Saladin (raising her).

Who was so cruel in thy breast to shed
This wild suspicion? Is it prov'd, made clear?

Gediz.

It must, for Daya had it from my nurse,
Whose dying lips intrusted it to her.

Saladin.

Dying, perhaps delirious; if 'twere true,
Blood only does not make by much the father,
Scarcely the father of a brute, scarce gives
The first right to endeavour at deserving
The name of father. If there be two fathers
At strive for thee, quit both, and take a third,
And take me for thy father.

Sittah.

Do it, do it.

Saladin.

I will be a kind father — but methinks
A better thought occurs, what hast thou need
Of father upon father? They will die,
So that 'tis better to look out by times
For one that starts fair, and stakes life with life
On equal terms. Knowst thou none such?

Sittah.

Don't make her blush.

My brother,

Saladin.

Why that was half my project.
Blushing so well becomes the ugly, that
The fair it must make charming — I have order'd
'Thy father Nathan hither, and another,
Dost guess who 'tis? one other. — Sittah, you
Will not object?

Sittah.

Brother —

Saladin.

And when he comes,
Sweet girl, then blush to crimson.

Gedra.

Before whom —

Blush?

Saladin.

Little hypocrite — or else grow pale,
Just as thou willst and canst. Already there?

Sittah (*to a female slave who comes in*).

Well, be they usher'd in. Brother, 'tis they.

Saladin, Sittah, Gedra, Nathan, and Temylar.

Saladin.

Welcome my dear good friends. Nathan, to you
I've first to mention, you may send and fetch
Your monies when you will.

Nathan.

Sultan —

Saladin.

And now

I'm at your service.

Guthan.

Sultan —

Saladin.

For my treasures
 Are all arriv'd. The caravan is safe.
 I'm richer than I've been these many years.
 Now tell me what you wish for, to achieve
 Some splendid speculation — you in trade
 Like us, have never too much ready cash.

Guthan (*going towards Recha*).

Why first about this trifle? — I behold
 An eye in tears, which 'tis far more important
 To me to dry. My Recha thou hast wept,
 What hast thou lost? Thou art still, I trust, my daughter.

Guthan.

My father!

Guthan.

That's enough, we are understood
 By one another; but be calm, be cheerful.
 If else thy heart be yet thy own — if else
 No threaten'd loss thy trembling bosom wring —
 Thy father shall remain to thee.

Guthan.

None, none.

Templar.

None, none — then I'm deceiv'd. What we don't fear
 To lose, we never fancied, never wish'd
 Ourselves possess'd of. But 'tis well, 'tis well.
 Nathan, this changes all — all. Saladin,

At thy command we came, but I misled thee,
Trouble thyself no further.

Suladin.

Always headlong;
Young man, must every will then bow to thine,
Interpret all thy meanings?

Templar.

Thou hast heard,
Sultan, hast seen.

Suladin.

Aye, 'twas a little awkward
Not to be certain of thy cause.

Templar.

I now
Do know my doom.

Suladin.

Pride in an act of service
Revokes the benefit. What thou hast sav'd
Is therefore not thy own, or else the robber,
Urg'd by his avarice thro' fire-crumbling halls,
Were like thyself a hero. Come, sweet maid,

[Advances toward Recha in order to lead her up to the templar.
Come, stickle not for niceties with him.
Other — he were less warm and proud, and had
Paus'd, and not sav'd thee. Balance then the one
Against the other, and put him to the blush,
Do what he should have done — own thou thy love —
Make him thy offer, and if he refuse,
Or e'er forgot how infinitely more
By this thou do for him than he for thee —
What, what in fact has he then done for thee
But make himself a little sooty? That

(Else he has nothing of my Assad in him,
But only wears his mask) that was mere sport.
Come lovely girl.

Sittah.

Go, go, my love, this step
Is for thy gratitude too short, too trifling.

[They are each taking one of Recha's hands when
Nathan with a solemn gesture of prohibition says,

Nathan.

Hold, Saladin — hold, Sittah.

Saladin.

Ha! thou too?

Nathan.

One other has to speak.

Saladin.

Who denies that?

Unquestionably, Nathan, there belongs
A vote to such a foster-father — and
The first, if you require it. You perceive
I know how all the matter lies.

Nathan.

Not all —

I speak not of myself. There is another,
A very different man, whom, Saladin,
I must first talk with.

Saladin.

Who?

Nathan.

Her brother.

Saladin.

Recha's?

Nathan.

Yes, her's,

Гюнн.

My brother — have I then a brother?

[The templar starts from his silent and sullen inattention.

Темплар.

Where is this brother? Not yet here? 'Twas here
I was to find him.

Гюнн.

Patience yet awhile.

Темплар (very bitterly).

He has impos'd a father on the girl,
He'll find her up a brother.

Саладин.

That was wanting!

Christian, this mean suspicion ne'er had past
The lips of Assad. Go but on —

Гюнн.

Forgive him,

I can forgive him readily. Who knows
What in his place, and at his time of life.
We might have thought ourselves? Suspicion, knight,
[Approaching the templar in a friendly manner.
Succeeds soon to mistrust. Had you at first
Favor'd me with your real name.

Темплар.

How? what?

Гюнн.

You are no Stauffen.

Темплар.

Who then am I? Speak.

Гюнн.

Conrade of Stauffen is no name of yours.

Темплар.

What is my name then?

Gathen.

Guy of Filnek.

Captain.

How?

Gathen.

You startle —

Captain.

And with reason. Who says that?

Gathen.

I, who can tell you more. Meanwhile, observe
I do not tax you with a falsehood.

Captain.

No?

Gathen.

May be you with propriety can wear
Your name as well.

Captain.

I think so too. (God — God
Put that speech on his tongue.)

Gathen.

In fact your mother —
She was a Stauffen: and her brother's name,
(The uncle to whose care you were resigned,
When by the rigor of the climate chas'd,
Your parents quitted Germany to seek
This land once more) was Conrade. He perhaps
Adopted you as his own son and heir.
Is it long since you hither travell'd with him?
Is he alive yet?

Captain.

So in fact it stands.

What shall I say? Yes, Nathan, 'tis all right:
Tho' he himself is dead. I came to Syria

With the last reinforcement of our order,
But — but what has all this long tale to do
With Recha's brother, whom —

Nathan.

Your father —

Templar.

Him,

Him did you know?

Nathan.

He was my friend.

Templar.

Your friend?

And is that possible?

Nathan.

He called himself

Leonard of Filnek, but he was no German.

Templar.

You know that too?

Nathan.

He had espous'd a German,

And followed for a time your mother thither.

Templar.

No more I beg of you — But Recha's brother —

Nathan.

Art thou!

Templar.

I, I her brother —

Nathan.

He, my brother?

Sittah.

So near akin —

Nathan (*offers to clasp him*).

My brother!

Templar (steps back).

Brother to her —

Basha (turning to Nathan).

It cannot be, his heart knows nothing of it.
We are deceivers, God.

Saladin (to the templar).

Deceivers, yes:

All is deceit in thee, face, voice, walk, gesture,
Nothing belongs to thee. How, not acknowledge
A sister such as she? Go.

Templar (modestly approaching him).

Sultan, sultan,

O do not misinterpret my amazement —
Thou never saw'st in such a moment, prince,
Thy Assad's heart — mistake not him and me.

[Hastening towards Nathan.

O Nathan, you have taken, you have given,
Both with full hands indeed; and now — yes — yes,
You give me more than you have taken from me,
Yes, infinitely more — my sister — sister.

[Embraces Recha.

Basha.

Blanda of Filnek.

Templar.

Blanda, hal! not Recha,
Your Recha now no longer — you resign her,
Give her her christian name again, and then
For my sake turn her off. Why Nathan, Nathan,
Why must she suffer for it? she for me?

Basha.

What mean you? O my children, both my children —

For sure my daughter's brother is my child,
So soon as he but will it. [While they embrace Nathan by
turns, Saladin draws nigh to Sittah.
Saladin.

What sayst thou
Sittah to this?

Sittah.
I'm deeply mov'd.
Saladin.

And I
Half tremble at the thought of the emotion
Still greater, still to come. Nathan, a word
[While he converses with Nathan, Sittah goes
to express her sympathy to the others.

With thee apart. Wast thou not saying also
That her own father was no German born?
What was he then? Whence was he?

Grithan. He himself
Never intrusted me with that. From him
I knew it not.

Saladin.
You say he was no Frank?
Grithan.
No, that he own'd: he loved to talk the Persian.

Saladin.
The Persian — need I more? 'Tis he — 'twas he!
Grithan.
Who?

Saladin.
Assad certainly, my brother Assad.
Grithan.
If thou thyself perceive it, be assur'd;
Look in this book — [Gives the breviary.

Saladin (eagerly looking).

O 'tis his hand, his hand,
I recollect it well.

Sittah.

They know it not;
It rests with thee what they shall learn of this.

Saladin (turning over the breviary).

I not acknowledge my own brother's children,
Not own my nephew — not my children — I
Leave them to thee? Yes, Sittah, it is they, [Aloud.
They are my brother's and thy brother's children.

[Rushes to embrace them.

Sittah.

What do I hear? Could it be otherwise? [The like.

Saladin (to the templar).

Now, proud boy, thou shalt love me, thou must love me, [To Recha.
And I am, what I offer'd to become,
With or without thy leave.

Sittah.

I too — I too.

Saladin (to the templar).

My son — my Assad — my lost Assad's son.

Templar.

I of thy blood — then those were more than dreams
With which they us'd to lull my infancy —
Much more. [Falls at the sultan's feet.

Saladin (raising him).

Now mark his malice. Something of it
He knew, yet would have let me butcher him —
Boy, boy! [During the silent continuance of re-
ciprocals embraces the curtain falls,

EMILIA GALOTTI.

A TRAGEDY

IN FIVE ACTS.

BY

GOTTHOLD EPHRAIM LESSING.

Translated

BY

CHARLES LEE LEWES.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Emilia Galotti.

Duccardo and } **Galotti, parents of Emilia.**
Claudia }

Gettore Gonzaga, Prince of Guastalla.

Marinelli, Chamberlain of the Prince.

Camillo Batte, one of the Prince's Privy Councillors.

Conti, a painter.

Count Zappiani.

Countess Orsina.

Angelo, a bandit.

Pirro, and some other servants.

Time 1772.

EMILIA GALOTTI.

ACT I.

Cabinet of the Prince.

SCENE I.

(*The Prince at a writing-table covered with letters and papers some of which he is rapidly glancing over.*)

Prince.

Complaints! — Nothing but complaints! — Petitions! — Nothing but petitions! — O weary work! And yet they envy us. Yes, indeed; if we could help everyone, then we should be enviable. Emilia? (*opening another of the petitions and looking at the signature*) An Emilia? — But Emilia Bruneschi, — not Galotti. Not Emilia Galotti! What does she ask — this Emilia Bruneschi? (*reads*) Much, — very much! But her name is Emilia. 'Tis granted! (*he signs, and rings, whereupon a servant enters*) I suppose there are no councillors yet in the ante-room?

Servant.

No.

Prince.

I have begun the day too early. — The morning is so lovely, I will drive out. The Marquis Marinelli shall accompany me. Let him be sent for — (*exit servant.*)

I can work no longer! — I imagined myself so tranquil — so perfectly tranquil. — All at once a poor Bruneschi must be named Emilia; — and my peace is gone.

(*Servant re-enters.*)

Servant.

The Marquis has been sent for. And here is a letter from the Countess Orsina.

Prince.

Orsina? Lay it down.

Servant.

Her messenger waits.

Prince.

I will send her the answer if one is required. Where is she? In town or at her villa?

Servant.

She arrived in town yesterday.

Prince.

So much the worse — better, I meant to say. Then there is the less reason for the messenger to wait. (*Exit servant.*) My dear Countess! (*In a bitter tone. He takes the letter in his hand.*) May be considered read! (*throws it down again.*) — Well, yes! I believed that I loved her. What do we not believe? Perhaps I really did love her. But — *did!*

Servant (who again enters).

The painter, Conti, begs the favour — —

Prince.

Conti? Oh yes! Let him come in. It will put other thoughts into my head. (*Rises.*)

SCENE II.

*Conti. The Prince.**Prince.*

Good morrow, Conti. How are you? How goes Art?

Conti.

Art, Prince, is working for its bread.

Prince.

That must not and shall not be. Assuredly not in my small dominions.—But the artist must be willing to work.

Conti.

Work? That is his pleasure. Only to be obliged to work overmuch, may make him unworthy the name of artist.

Prince.

I mean not much, and yet much:—a little but well done. You have not come empty-handed, surely?

Conti.

I have brought the portrait which your Highness commanded. And I have brought another, which your Highness did not command, but which is worthy of being seen— —

Prince.

The first is?—I can hardly recall what it was—

Conti.

The Countess Orsina.

Prince.

True! The commission, though, is of rather antient date.

Conti.

Our fine ladies are not to be had for painting, every day. In the last three months, the Countess has prevailed on herself to sit to me exactly once.

Prince.

Where are the pictures?

Conti.

In the ante-room. I will fetch them.

SCENE III.

The Prince.

Her portrait! — Well! Her portrait is not herself. And perchance I may find again in her portrait that which I no longer perceive in herself. But I do not wish to find it again! — That troublesome painter! I verily believe she has bribed him. — Even if it were so? If another picture, that is painted with other colours and on other canvas, in my heart, would give place to her again, I believe I should not be sorry. When I loved her, I was always so light! so happy! so free! — Now I am the very reverse. — But no, no, no! More at ease or not, I am better as I am.

SCENE IV.

The Prince. Conti with the pictures, one of which he places with its face against a chair.

Conti (setting the other in a proper light).

I beg, Prince, that you will consider the limits of our Art. Much of that which is most attractive in

beauty lies quite beyond its powers.—Will you place yourself here?

Prince (after looking at it a short time).

Capital, Conti, capital!—It is worthy of your Art, of your brush. But it is flattered, Conti, infinitely flattered.

Conti.

The original appeared not to be of that opinion. And, in fact, it is not more flattered than Art requires. Art must paint as plastic Nature — if there be one — conceived the picture; without the imperfection which resistent matter renders unavoidable, and without the injury which time works upon it.

Prince.

In this instance the creative artist has once more shown himself equal to that task.—But the original, you say, thought, nevertheless —

Conti.

Pardon me, Prince. The original is a lady who demands my respect. I meant to utter nothing to her disadvantage.

Prince.

As much as you like.—And what did the original say?

Conti.

I am satisfied, the Countess said, if I do not look uglier than that.

Prince.

Not uglier? O, thou truthful original!

Conti.

And she said it with such a look — of which, to be sure, this portrait of her shows no trace, no suspicion.

Prince.

That is what I meant; that is just what I call your infinite flattery — O, I know it well, that proud, scornful look, that would disfigure even the countenance of a Grace. I do not deny that a lovely mouth may be the lovelier for a slight curl of scorn. — But, mark you, a slight curl; the curl must not become a grimace as in this Countess. — And a woman's eyes should be able to abash the libertine trifler; such eyes the fair Countess does assuredly not possess — not even in the portrait here.

Conti.

My Lord, I am much concerned —

Prince.

And wherefore? All that Art could do with the great, projecting, staring, glaring, Medusa-like eyes of the Countess, you, Conti, have honestly done. — Honestly do I say? Not so honestly would have been honester. For, say yourself, Conti, could anyone infer the character of the person from this picture? And that should be possible. — You have turned pride into dignity, scorn into smiling, gloomy sentimentality into tender melancholy.

Conti (*rather piqued*).

Ah, my Lord; we painters reckon upon the finished portrait finding the lover as warm as when he ordered it. We paint with the eyes of love; and the eyes of love alone should judge us.

Prince.

Well then, Conti, why did you not come a month earlier with it? — Put it aside. — What is the other picture?

Conti (fetching it and holding it with its face still turned from the Prince).

Also a female portrait.

Prince.

Then I would — rather not see it. For it will certainly not come up to the ideal here (*pointing to his forehead*) — or rather here (*pointing to his heart*). I should have liked, Conti, to admire your Art in some other subject.

Conti.

More admirable Art there is; but, certainly, no more admirable subject than this.

Prince.

Then I wager, Conti, that it is the artist's own mistress. — (*As the painter turns the picture round.*) What do I see? Your work, Conti, or the work of my imagination? Emilia Galotti!

Conti.

What? Does your Highness know this angel?

Prince (striving to collect himself, but without turning his eyes from the picture).

Slightly. Enough to know her again.— It is some weeks ago since I saw her with her mother, at a *Vegghia*. From that time, I have only had visions of her in sacred places, where it would have been unbecoming to gaze. — I also know her father. He is no friend of mine. It was he who most disputed my claims to Sabionetta. A rough, proud old soldier; otherwise honest and good.

Conti.

The father; but here we have the daughter.

Prince.

By heaven! It might have been stolen from her mirror! (*His eyes still fixed on the picture.*) O, you need no telling, Conti, that the artist is best praised, when the praise is forgotten in the work.

Conti.

Nevertheless, it has left me much dissatisfied with myself.—And yet, again, this very dissatisfaction with myself pleases me. Alas! that we cannot paint straight from our eyes. How much is lost on the long road from the eye, through the hand, to the brush. But, as I say, my knowing what is lost here, and how it has been lost, and why it necessarily was lost, makes me as proud and prouder than I am of that which I have not lost. For, from the one, I recognise more than from the other that I am really a great painter, but that my hand does not always paint finely. Or does your Highness doubt that Raphael would have been the greatest genius in painting, if he had unfortunately been born without hands? What do you think?

Prince (*looking up for the moment from the picture*).

What do you say, Conti? What do you wish to know?

Conti.

O, nothing, nothing—mere chatter.—Your whole soul, I perceive, was in your eyes. I love such souls and such eyes.

Prince (*with affected indifference*).

So then, Conti, you really reckon Emilia Galotti to be one of the greatest beauties of our town.

Conti.

One? One of the greatest? And the greatest of our town? Your Highness is laughing at me. Or else you were the whole time seeing as little as you were hearing.

Prince.

Dear Conti, (*his eyes again directed on the picture*) how can one of us dare to trust his eyes? Properly speaking, only a painter knows how to judge of beauty.

Conti.

And should every man's feeling wait first for the verdict of a painter? To the cloister with him who would learn from us what is beautiful! But, as a painter, I must say this to you, Prince. One of the greatest happinesses of my life has been, that Emilia Galotti has sat to me. This head, this face, this forehead, these eyes, this nose, this mouth, this chin, this throat, this bosom, this figure, this whole form are from this time forth my sole study of feminine beauty. The original picture for which she sat was for her father who was then away. But this copy —

Prince (*turning quickly upon him*).

Eh, Conti? It is not already promised?

Conti.

It is for you, Prince, if it pleases your taste.

Prince.

Taste! — (*Smiling.*) What could I do better, Conti, than make this, your study of feminine beauty mine also? Carry the other portrait away with you, and order a frame for it.

Conti.

Good.

Prince.

As rich and beautiful as the carver can make it. It shall be hung in the gallery.—But this—shall remain here. We do not treat a study with so much ceremony, nor do we hang it up, but prefer rather to have it at hand.—I thank you, Conti: I thank you very much.—And, as I said, in my kingdom Art shall not work for its bread — as long as I have any myself. Send to my treasurer, Conti, and let him pay you for both portraits, what you like. As much as you will, Conti.

Conti.

I could almost fear, Prince, that you wished to reward something besides Art.

Prince.

O, the jealous artist! No, no! Do you hear, Conti? As much as you like?

[Exit Conti.]

SCENE V.

The Prince.

As much as he likes! — (*To the picture.*) Thee I have at any price too cheaply. O, beautiful image! Is it true that I possess thee? He who should possess Thee also, thou more beautiful masterpiece of Nature! Demand what you will for her, honest mother! What you like, rough old grumbler. Best of all, I should like to buy you from yourself, enchantress! These eyes, full of attraction and modesty! This mouth! And when

it opens to speak! When it smiles! — This mouth! — I hear some one coming. I am still too jealous of you. (*Turning the picture with its face towards the wall.*) It is doubtless Marinelli. Would that I had not sent for him! What a morning would have been mine!

SCENE VI.

The Prince. Marinelli.

Marinelli.

Your Highness will forgive me. I did not look for so early a summons.

Prince.

I felt a wish to drive out; the morning was so beautiful. — But now the morning is nearly gone, and the desire has passed away. — (*After a short pause.*) What news have you, Marinelli?

Marinelli.

Nothing of consequence that I know of. — The Countess Orsina came to town yesterday.

Prince.

And here already (*pointing to the letter*) lies her morning greeting. Or whatever else it may be. I am not in the least curious about it. — You have seen her?

Marinelli.

Am I not, unfortunately, her confidant? But before I again become the confidant of a lady, into whose mind it enters to fall in love with you in good earnest, Prince, I'll —

Prince.

Forswear nothing, Marinelli!

Marinelli.

What? Is it so, Prince? Can it be? — O, then the Countess may not be so wrong after all.

Prince.

Most certainly quite wrong. My approaching marriage with the Princess of Massa renders it imperative that I should as a first step break off all affairs of the kind.

Marinelli.

If it were only that, Orsina would of course know how to resign herself to her fate, as the Prince does to his.

Prince.

Which is unquestionably harder than hers. My heart is sacrificed to a wretched political interest. Hers she has only to take back, not to give away again unwillingly.

Marinelli.

Take it back? Why take it back, the Countess asks, if it is only a question of a consort whom state interest, not love, leads to the Prince? By the side of such a consort the beloved one still continues to see her place. She does not fear to be sacrificed to such a consort, but — —

Prince.

To a new love. — Well, would you make a crime of that, Marinelli?

Marinelli.

I? — O, pray do not identify me, Prince, with the madwoman whose ambassador I am; — am out of pity.

For, in truth, she moved me strangely yesterday.— She endeavoured to appear quite calm and collected. But in the midst of the most indifferent talk, she let fall one hint or allusion after another betraying the torture of her heart. She would say the most melancholy things smilingly, and then would jest with a face full of woe. She has taken refuge in books, and I fear that they will complete the work.

Prince.

Just as they gave her poor brain the first shock.— But, Marinelli, you would not make use of that which has principally helped to alienate me from her, to bring me back to her again? If she goes mad from love, she would have gone mad sooner or later even without love. And now enough of her.— Something else.— Is there then nothing going on in town?

Marinelli.

One may say nothing. For the marriage of Count Appiani which takes place to-day is little more than nothing at all.

Prince.

Count Appiani? And to whom then? I have still to hear that he is engaged.

Marinelli.

The affair has been kept very secret. Nor was there much occasion for talk about it. You will laugh, Prince. But it is always so with sentimental people. Love ever plays them the scurviest tricks. A girl without fortune and without rank has managed to draw him into her toils— with a slight mask, but with great display of virtue, and feeling, and wit, and what not?

Prince.

I should have thought that whoever could yield himself, without hesitation or misgiving, to the impressions which innocence and beauty make upon him, was rather to be envied than laughed at.—And what is the name of the happy one? For, after all, he is a very worthy young man, handsome and rich and of unblemished honour. I should have much liked to attach him to my person. I shall still think about it.

Marinelli.

If it be not too late. For, as I hear, his plan is not at all to seek his fortune at court. He means to go with his bride to his Piedmontese valleys to chase the chamois of the Alps, and to tame marmots. What can he do better? Here, of course, his misalliance has finished him. The houses of the best families will henceforth be closed against him.

Prince.

✓ Your best families! Where reign ceremony, constraint, ennui, and often want.—But tell me who it is for whom he makes so great a sacrifice.

Marinelli.

| It is a certain Emilia Galotti.

Prince.

What, Marinelli, a certain —?

Marinelli.

Emilia Galotti.

Prince.

Emilia Galotti? Never!

Marinelli.

Beyond a doubt, my Lord.

Prince.

No, I say; it is impossible. You make a mistake in the name. The family of the Galotti is large. It may be a Galotti; but not Emilia Galotti; not Emilia!

Marinelli.

Emilia Galotti.

Prince.

Then there is another who bears both names.— You said, besides, a certain Emilia Galotti — a certain! Only a fool could speak so of the right one.

Marinelli.

You are not quite yourself, my Lord. Do you then know this Emilia?

Prince.

It is my place to question, not yours, Marinelli. Emilia Galotti? The daughter of Colonel Galotti of Sabionetta?

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Marinelli.

Even so.

Prince.

Who lives here, at Guastalla, with her mother?

Marinelli.

Even so.

Prince.

Not far from the church of Ognisanti?

Marinelli.

Even so.

Prince.

In one word (*rushing to the portrait and placing it in Mari-nelli's hand*) — there, — this? This Emilia Galotti? Utter your accursed "Even so" once more, and plunge a dagger through my heart.

Marinelli.

Even so.

Prince.

The Devil! This, — this Emilia Galotti will be to-day — ?

Marinelli.

Countess Appiani. (*Here the Prince tears the portrait out of Marinelli's hand and flings it away.*) The wedding takes place quite privately, on the father's estate at Sabionetta. The mother and daughter and the Count, and perhaps a couple of friends, drive there towards noon.

Prince (*throwing himself into a chair in a state of desperation*).

Then I am lost! I will not live!

Marinelli.

But what is the matter with you, my Lord?

Prince (*springing up again*).

Traitor! What the matter is — ? Well, yes! I love her. I adore her. I would have you know it! I would have had you know it long ago! — All you who would rather I had worn for ever the degrading fetters of the mad Orsina. — But that you, Marinelli, who have often assured me of your devoted friendship — — O, a prince has no friend — — , can have no friend — that you,

you should so faithlessly, so maliciously conceal from me till this moment the danger that threatened my love! If ever I forgive you this, may none of my sins be forgiven me.

Marinelli.

I can hardly find words, Prince—even if you would afford me opportunity—to express my astonishment! You love Emilia Galotti?—Then oath against oath; if I had the slightest knowledge, the slightest suspicion of this love, may all angels and saints forsake me! I would take the same oath for Orsina. Her suspicions are on quite a different track.

Prince.

Forgive me, Marinelli, (*throwing himself into his arms*) and pity me.

Marinelli.

Now here, Prince, you perceive the consequences of your reserve. "Princes have no friend, can have no friend." And the reason, if this be so? Because they will have none. To-day they honour us with their confidence, share with us their most secret wishes, open their whole souls to us; and to-morrow we are as much strangers to them as if they had never exchanged a word with us.

Prince.

Ah! Marinelli, how could I confide to you what I would hardly avow to myself?

Marinelli.

And still less, then, have avowed to the author of your torment?

Prince.

To her? All my efforts to speak to her a second time have been vain.

Marinelli.

And the first time —

Prince.

that I spoke to her? — O, I am losing my senses! And I must needs be telling you a long story? — You see me a prey to the waves; why stand asking me how I became it? Save me, if you are able, and then ask.

Marinelli.

Save? What is there to save? — What your Highness has neglected to confess to Emilia Galotti, you can now confess to the Countess Appiani. Wares which we cannot have at first hand, we buy at second hand; and such wares are often all the cheaper at second hand.

Prince.

Be serious, Marinelli, or —

Marinelli.

It must be admitted indeed, that they are so much the worse.

Prince.

You are getting impertinent.

Marinelli.

And, besides, the Count means to leave the country. Yes; — then we must think of something else.

Prince.

And what else? — Dearest Marinelli, think for me.
What would you do if you were in my position?

Marinelli.

In the first place, look upon a trifl^e as a trifl^e, —
and say to myself that I would not be what I am —
sovereign — for nothing.

Prince.

Do not flatter me with a power which can be of
no use in this case. This day, did you say? This | Soc'
very day?

Marinelli.

Yes, — not till to-day; and it is only in things past,
that counsel is useless. (*After a short pause.*) Will you
give me carte-blanche, Prince? Will you sanction any- |
thing I may do?

Prince.

Everything, Marinelli, everything that will ward |
off this blow.

Marinelli.

Then let us lose no time. But do not remain in
town. Drive at once to your country palace at Dosalo.
The road to Sabionetta passes in front of it. If I do
not succeed in getting rid of the Count immediately, —
I will — — but, I think, he is sure to fall into this trap.
You remember, Prince, that you have to send an am-
bassador to Massa concerning your betrothal. Let the
Count be this ambassador, on condition that he starts
to-day. Do you comprehend?

Princ^e.

Capital! Bring him down to me at Dosalo. Go.
Make haste. I will at once get into my carriage.

[Exit Marinelli.

SCENE VII.

The Prince.

At once; at once! — (*Looking round for the picture.*) Where did I leave it? On the ground? That was too bad (*picking it up*). But — look at you? For the present, I must look at you no more. Why should I press the shaft deeper into the wound? (*puts it aside.*) I have sighed and languished long enough — longer than I ought; but I have done nothing and in my fond inactivity have been within a hair's breadth of losing all. And suppose, now, all were lost. Suppose Marinelli failed? Why should I let myself depend entirely on him? A thought strikes me! It is her habit every morning about this hour (*looking at the clock*) to go to hear mass at the church of the Dominicans. What if I were to endeavour to speak to her there? — But today — her wedding-day, — she will have other things than mass at heart. Yet, who knows? — It is something to try. (*He rings, and as he hastily sweeps together some of the papers on the table, a servant enters.*) Let the carriage be driven round. Are there still none of the Privy Councillors there?

Servant.

Camillo Rota.

Princ^e.

Let him come in. (*Exit servant.*) But he must

not want to detain me. Not this time. Another time I will willingly be so much the longer at the service of his fancies. — Ah! there was that petition from Emilia Bruneschi. — (*Searching for it.*) Here it is. But good Bruneschi your intercessor — —

SCENE VIII.

Camillo Rota (*with papers in his hand.*). The Prince.

Prince.

Come, Rota, come. Here are the letters I have opened this morning. Not much to comfort one! You will judge for yourself what is to be done. Take them.

Camillo Rota.

Yes, my Lord.

Prince.

Here is also a petition from Emilia Galot — Bruneschi, I mean to say. To be sure, I have already signed my assent to it. But yet — it is no trifling matter. — Let it stand over. Or not stand over: as you like.

Camillo Rota.

Not as I like, my Lord.

Prince.

What else is there? Anything to be signed?

Camillo Rota.

There is a death-warrant to be signed.

Prince.

With pleasure. Give it me — quickly.

Camillo Rota (*startled and looking fixedly at the Prince*).

I said a death-warrant.

Prince.

I heard you. I could have done it by this time.
I am in a hurry.

Camillo Rota (*looking through his papers*).

I have not brought it with me after all. Excuse
me, my Lord. — It can wait till to-morrow.

Prince.

O, that too can wait! Then pack up your things;
I must away. More to-morrow, Rota. [Exit.

Camillo Rota (*shaking his head as he gathers up the
papers and goes off*).

With pleasure? A death-warrant with pleasure? I
would not have had him sign it at that moment, though
the man had been the murderer of my only son. With
pleasure! With pleasure! It goes through my soul, that
ghastly "with pleasure!"

ACT II.

A room in the house of Colonel Galotti.

SCENE I.

Claudia Galotti. **Pirro.**

Claudia (*going out, to Pirro who enters from the opposite side*).

Who galloped into the court just now?

Pirro.

My master, madam.

Claudia.

My husband? — Is it possible?

Pirro.

He is just behind me.

Claudia.

This is unexpected! Ah, my husband! (*Hastening towards him.*)

SCENE II.

Odoardo Galotti (*and the foregoing*).

Odoardo.

Good morning, Claudia. — This is a surprise, is it not?

Claudia.

And of the pleasantest kind; if it be only a surprise.

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Nothing more; be quite easy. The happiness of this day awakened me early; the morning was beautiful; the road was short; I expected to find you busy here. It occurred to me how easily something might be forgotten. In short, I have come to take one look, and go back again immediately. Where is Emilia? Occupied, no doubt, with her toilet?

Claudia.

With her soul.—She is at mass. "I have more need," she said, "on this than on any other day to seek grace from above;" and she left everything, put on her veil, and hastened away.

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All alone?

Claudia.

Those few steps — !

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One only is enough for a false step.

Claudius

Be not angry, my husband. Come in to rest for a moment, and to take some refreshment, if you will.

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As you please, Claudia. But she ought not to have gone alone—

Glyndwr

And you, Pirro, remain in the ante-room, and deny us to all visitors for to-day.

SCENE III.

Pirro and, afterwards, Angelo.

Pirro.

Who only come out of curiosity. How I have been pestered with questions for the last hour! — Who comes here?

Angelo (*still half behind the scenes, in a short cloak which he has drawn across his face; his hat over his eyes.*)

Pirro! — Pirro!

Pirro.

An acquaintance? (*As Angelo enters and throws back his cloak.*) Heavens! Angelo. You?

Angelo.

As you see. I have been beating about the house long enough, to get speech of you. One word with you!

Pirro.

And you venture to show yourself in the light again? You have been declared an outlaw for your last murder; a price is set upon your head —

✓

Angelo.

Which you surely do not wish to earn?

Pirro.

What do you want? I beseech you not to make me miserable.

Angelo.

With this, perhaps? (*Showing him a purse full of money.*) Take it; it is yours.

Birro.

Mine?

Angels.

Have you forgotten? — Your former master, the German — —

Birro.

Hush! Not a word of that.

Angels.

Whom you led into that ambush for us on the way to Pisa —

Birro.

If anyone should hear us!

Angels.

— Had, you know, the kindness to bequeath to us a costly ring. It was too valuable for us to be able to convert it at once into money without suspicion. But at last I have succeeded. I have got a hundred pistoles for it, and this is your share. — Take it.

Birro.

I will none of it — keep it all.

Angels.

Content, for my part — if it is the same to you at what price you sell your head. (*Feigns to put the purse back into his pocket.*)

Birro.

Well, give it me. (*Takes it.*) — And now, what is it? For, that you have sought me out solely for this —

Angela.

Does not appear altogether credible to you? What do you take us for, you rascal? Do you think us capable of withholding a man's gains? That may be the fashion among so-called honest people; not among us.— Farewell! (*pretends to go, but turns back again.*) But one thing I must ask. The old Galotti came galloping all by himself into the town just now. What is his business?

Pirro.

Nothing; a mere ride. The marriage of his daughter with Count Appiani takes place this evening on the estate from which he has just come. He cannot rest till the time arrives.

Angela.

And will soon ride back again?

Pirro.

So soon that he will find you here, if you tarry much longer. But you can have no design upon him?— Have a care! He is a man — —

Angela.

Do I not know him? Have I not served under him? So that, even if there were much to be got from him!— When do the young people follow?

Pirro.

Towards midday.

Angela.

With much company?

Girra.

No, there will be only one carriage, for the mother and daughter and the Count. A few friends are coming from Sabionetta to witness the ceremony.

Angela.

And servants?

Girra.

Only two, besides myself, who will ride behind me.

Angela.

Good. One thing more: whose carriage is it? Yours, or the Count's?

Girra.

The Count's.

Angela.

That's bad. That makes another outrider, besides a stout coachman. Still—

Girra.

You astound me.—What do you mean? — The few trinkets that the bride may happen to wear would hardly repay the trouble—

Angela.

Then the bride herself will repay it.

Girra.

And am I to be your accomplice in this crime too?

Angela.

You ride in front? — Well, ride, ride; and turn round at nothing.

Pirro.

Never!

Angela.

What! I do believe you want to play the honest man. Rascal, you know me, I think. If you blab; if things turn out differently in one single particular, from what you have described! —

Pirro.

But, Angelo, for Heaven's sake!

Angela.

Do, what you cannot help doing.

[*Exit.*

Pirro.

Ah! Let the Devil catch you but by one hair; and you are his to eternity — O, wretch that I am!

SCENE IV.

Odoardo and Claudia Galotti. Pirro.

Odoardo.

She is too long absent — —

Claudia.

One minute more, Odoardo. It would grieve her so to miss seeing you.

Odoardo.

I have besides still to pay a visit to the Count — I burn to call that noble young man my son. Everything in him delights me. And especially his resolve

that they should live for each other away in his native valleys.

Claudia.

My heart breaks when I think of that. Are we to lose her so utterly, our only beloved daughter?

Odoardo.

What do you call losing her? To know her encircled by the arms of love? Do not confuse your own delight in her with her happiness. You would revive my old suspicions:—that it was more the glare and glitter of the world, more the vicinity to the Court than the necessity for giving our daughter a befitting education that induced you to stay with her here in town, far from a husband and father who so deeply loves you.

Claudia.

How unjust, Odoardo! But let me for once say a word in favour of this town life, this vicinity to the Court, which are so hateful to your rigid virtue. Here, and here only, could Love have brought together the two who were made for each other. Here alone the Count could have found Emilia, and did find her.

Odoardo.

That I grant. But, my good Claudia, does it follow that you were right, because the result proved right? Happy for us that this town education has turned out as it has! Let us not pretend to be wise where we have been no more than fortunate. Happy for us, that it has turned out as it has!—The two have met, who were destined for each other; now let them wend whither innocence and peace beckon them.

What should the Count do here? Cringe, and flatter, and fawn, and try to supplant a Marinelli, in order to acquire a fortune which he does not need; and have an honour bestowed upon him which for him would be none? — Pirro.

Pirro.

I am here.

Odoardo.

Lead my horse to Count Appiani's. I will follow and mount again there. (*Exit Pirro.*) Why should the Count obey here; when, there, he can himself command. Moreover, you forget, Claudia, that by his marriage with our daughter, he completely breaks with the Prince. The Prince hates me —

Claudia.

Perhaps less than you fear.

Odoardo.

Fear! I fear such a thing as that!

Claudia.

For have I told you that the Prince has seen our daughter?

Odoardo.

The Prince? And where?

Claudia.

At Grimaldi's, the Lord Chancellor's, at the last Vegghia, which he honoured with his presence. He showed himself so gracious towards her — —

Odoardo.

So gracious?

Lessing.

Claudia.

He conversed so long with her —

Odoardo.

Conversed with her?

Claudia.

And seemed so charmed by her playfulness and wit —

Odoardo.

So charmed?

Claudia.

Spoke of her beauty with such high praise —

Odoardo.

Praise? And you tell me all this in a tone of rapture? O Claudia, Claudia. Vain foolish mother!

Claudia.

How so?

Odoardo.

Well, well, no matter. Even this has passed off harmlessly. Ha! If I suspected — — That is precisely the spot where I should be open to the most deadly wound. A libertine who admires, wishes to possess — Claudia, Claudia! the very thought maddens me. You ought to have made me aware of this at once. But, to-day, I would not willingly say anything unpleasant to you. And I should (*as she seizes him by the hand*), if I were to remain longer. Therefore, let me go, — let me go! Farewell, Claudia. Follow me safely.

SCENE V.

Claudia Galotti.

O, what a man! What rugged virtue! If, indeed, it deserves that name. Everything appears to it suspicious,—everything culpable. If that is to be called knowing men, who would wish to know them? But where can Emilia be lingering?—He is her father's enemy, therefore, it follows, if he looks with a favourable eye on the daughter, it is solely to insult him.

SCENE VI.

Emilia and Claudia Galotti.*Emilia (rushing alarmed and confused into the room).*

Safe, safe! Now I am in safety—Or has he followed me even here? (*Throwing back her veil, and seeing her mother.*) Has he, my mother? Has he?—No, thanks be to Heaven.

Claudia.

What is it, my child, what is it?

Emilia.

Nothing, nothing.

Claudia.

And you gaze round so wildly, and tremble in every limb?

Emilia.

O, what have I been forced to hear! And where, where have I been forced to hear it!

Claudia.

I thought you were in church.

Emilia.

Even there. What cares vice for church or altar?
O, mother! (*Throwing herself into her arms.*)

Claudia.

Speak, my daughter! Put an end to my fears.
There, in that sacred place, what great harm can have
happened to you?

Emilia.

Never should my devotions have been more heart-
felt, more fervent than to-day; never have they been
less what they ought to be.

Claudia.

We are human, Emilia. The gift of prayer is not
always within our power. With Heaven the desire to
pray is prayer.

Emilia.

And the desire to sin, sin.

Claudia.

That my Emilia did not desire.

Emilia.

No, my mother. So low as that Heaven did not
let me sink. But to think that the wickedness of others
may make us unwillingly participators in guilt!

Claudia.

Be calm; try to collect your thoughts.—Tell me
at once what has happened to you.

Emilia.

I had just knelt down, further from the altar than is my wont, for I arrived late, and was beginning to lift up my heart to Heaven, when some one took his place close behind me; — so close behind me! I could not move either forward or to the side, however much I wished, for fear another's devotions might disturb me in mine. Devotions! That was the worst I apprehended. But it was not long before I heard — quite close to my ear — after a deep sigh, — not the name of a Saint, but the name — do not be angry, my mother, — the name of your daughter! My own name! O, would that the roll of thunder had prevented my hearing more. He spoke of beauty, of love — complained that this day which crowned my happiness — if indeed it did so — decided his misery for ever. — He conjured me — — I was obliged to hear all this. But I did not look round; I tried to appear as if I did not hear it. What else could I do? Pray to my guardian angel to strike me with deafness, even were it for ever? I prayed for that; it was the only thing that I could pray for. — At last it was time to rise from my knees. The service was ended. I trembled to turn round. I trembled to behold him who had dared to commit such a transgression. And when I turned, I beheld him —

Claudia.

Whom, child?

Emilia.

Guess, mother; guess! I thought I should sink into the earth. It was he, himself.

Claudia.

Who, himself?

Emilie.

The Prince.

Claudia.

The Prince! O, blessed be the impatience of your father, who was here just now, and would not wait for you!

Emilie.

My father here; and would not wait for me?

Claudia.

Had you but let him hear this in your confusion!

Emilie.

Why, what could he have found culpable in me?

Claudia.

Nothing; just as little as in me. And yet—yet—Ah! you do not know your father. In his rage, he would have confounded the innocent victim of the crime with the criminal himself. In his frenzy, I should have appeared to him to have caused what I could neither prevent nor foresee.—But go on, my daughter, go on. When you recognised the Prince—I hope that you were self-possessed enough to flash upon him with one look all the scorn which he deserves.

Emilie.

No, I was not. I had not the courage, after the first glance in which I recognised him, to raise my eyes a second time.—I fled.

Claudia.

And the Prince pursued you—

Emilia.

I did not know it until I felt my hand suddenly seized in the church-porch. And by him! For very shame, I was compelled to stand still; to have disengaged myself from him would have attracted the attention of the passers-by too much. That was the only reflection of which I was capable, or which I can now remember. He spoke, and I answered him. But what he said or what I answered,—if I can ever recall it, I will tell you, my mother. Now, it has all gone from me. My senses had left me; I strive, in vain, to recollect how I escaped from him and got out of the porch. I only remember finding myself in the street again, hearing him coming after me, hearing him enter the house at the same time with me, mounting the stairs with me — —

Claudia.

Fear has a special sense of its own. — I shall never forget the look with which you burst into the room. — No, he did not dare to follow you so far! Merciful heaven! If this came to your father's knowledge! How angry he was on only hearing that the Prince had once looked at you without disfavour! However, be reassured, my daughter. Regard what has happened to you as a dream. And it will have fewer consequences even than a dream. To-day, you escape at once and for ever from all such pursuits.

Emilia.

But the Count must know this, must he not, my mother? I must tell him.

Claudia.

Not for the world! Why? To what end? Would you make him uneasy for nothing, for less than nothing? And even if he were not to become uneasy now; know, my child, that a poison is no less dangerous, because it does not act at once. That which does not make an impression on the lover may make an impression on the husband. It might even flatter the lover to eclipse so important a rival. But when once the goal is reached,—ah, my child,—the lover often becomes a very different being. May your good star preserve you from such an experience!

Emilia.

You know, mother, how willingly I submit in all things to your better knowledge. But if he were to learn from anyone else that the Prince had spoken to me to-day? Would not my silence, sooner or later, increase his uneasiness? I should have thought it were better to conceal from him nothing that is in my heart.

Claudia.

Weakness, fond weakness! No, by no means, my daughter. Tell him nothing. Let him perceive nothing.

Emilia.

Very well, mother. Your will is mine. Ah! (*with a deep sigh*) I become quite light again. How foolish and timid I am. Am I not? I might have behaved very differently, and yet have been far from committing myself.

Claudia.

I refrained from saying this to you before, trusting to your own good sense to say it to you. And I knew that it would do so, as soon as you had recovered yourself. The Prince is gallant. You are too little accustomed to the meaningless language of gallantry. In that language a mere politeness takes the guise of a feeling; a compliment, of a protestation; a fancy, of a desire; a desire, of a fixed intention. A mere nothing sounds like everything, and everything means no more than nothing.

Emilia.

O, my mother, you make me appear quite ridiculous in my own eyes, with these fears of mine. As surely he shall hear nothing about it—my good Appiani. He might perhaps think me more vain than virtuous. O joy! Here he is himself. I know his step.

SCENE VII.

Count Gygiani and the foregoing.

Appiani (*enters looking pensive, with downcast eyes, and approaches without seeing them until Emilia rushes towards him*).

Ah! my dearest.—I did not expect to meet you in the ante-room.

Emilia.

I would have you cheerful, my Lord Count, even when you do not expect me. Why so solemn; so grave? Is not this day worth a greater show of joy?

Sappianni.

It is worth more than my whole life. But pregnant with so much happiness for me — perchance it is this happiness itself that makes me so grave, so solemn as you call it. (*Perceiving her mother.*) Ah! you also here, Madam — soon now to be reverenced by me under a more tender name.

Claudia.

Which will be my greatest pride. — How happy are you, my Emilia! Why would not your father stay to share our delight!

Sappianni.

I have just torn myself from his arms, or, rather, he from mine. What a man your father is, my Emilia! A pattern of all manly virtues. What high thoughts arise in my soul in his presence! At no time is my resolve to be ever true, ever noble, stronger than when I see him, — when I think of him. And, how else, but by the fulfilment of this resolve can I make myself worthy of the honour of being called his son, — of being yours, my Emilia?

Emilia.

And he would not wait for me!

Sappianni.

I imagine, because the sight of his Emilia would have agitated him too much in this flying visit, — would have taken too strong possession of his soul.

Claudia.

He thought he should find you engrossed in your bridal preparations, and heard —

Gppianni.

What I, in turn, heard from him with the fondest admiration.—'Tis well, my Emilia, I shall have in you a pious wife, and one who is not proud of her piety.

Claudia.

But, my children, do one thing, and leave not the other undone. — 'Tis high time now; make haste now, Emilia.

Gppianni.

To do what, madam?

Claudia.

You surely do not wish, my Lord Count, to lead her to the altar as she is.

Gppianni.

In truth I had not thought of that before. Who can behold you, Emilia, and think of your dress? — And why not, just as she is?

Emilia.

No, my dear Count, not quite as I am. But not much more splendid either — not much. — One moment, and I am ready. I will wear none, no, not one, of the jewels, the last present of your lavish generosity. And nothing that would match with such jewels. I could hate them if they had not come from you; for I have dreamt three times about them.

Claudia.

Why, I have heard nothing of that.

Emilia.

I dreamt that I was wearing them, and that suddenly every stone in the set changed into a pearl.—
✓ And pearls mean tears.

Claudia.

Child! the interpretation is more fanciful than the dream. Have you not always been a greater lover of pearls than of gems?

Emilia.

Yes, mother, certainly —

Gigliani (musing and sad).

Mean tears! Mean tears!

Emilia.

What? Does that strike you? You too?

Gigliani.

Yes, indeed; I ought to be ashamed of myself. But when once the imagination is disposed to sad pictures —

Emilia.

But why is it so? — And, now, what dress do you think I have devised? What did I wear, how did I look, when I first pleased you? Do you still remember?

Gigliani.

Do I still remember? I never see you otherwise in thought; and even when you are not in that dress, I fancy you in it.

Emilia.

Well, then, a dress of the same colour, of the same form, flowing and free —

Appiani.

that : Perfect!

Emilia.

pear : And my hair —

Appiani.

In its own brown gloss, in curls, such as nature
ian : gave it.

Emilia.

ever : Not forgetting the rose in it! Yes, yes! A little
patience and I shall stand before you so.

SCENE VIII.

Count Appiani. Claudia Galotti.

Appiani (*looking after her sadly*).

Pearls mean tears! —A little patience! Yes, if time
were only outside us. If a minute on the dial could
not expand within us into years!

Claudia.

Emilia's observation was as quick as it was just,
my Lord Count. You are graver than common to-
day. — When one step only from the goal of your
desires, do you, perchance, repent that it has been the
goal?

Appiani.

O, my mother, and can you suspect that of your
son? But it is true, I am unusually sad and gloomy
to-day. Only, madam, to be but one step from the
goal, or still at the starting-point, is, in reality, the
same. All through yesterday and the day before yes-

terday, everything I see, everything I hear, everything I dream, has been forcing this truth upon me. This one thought links itself on to everyother thought, with my will or against it.—What does this mean? I do not understand it.

Claudia.

You make me uneasy, my Lord.

Spiri.

One thing follows upon another! I am vexed,— vexed with my friends, vexed with myself—

Claudia.

Why so?

Spiri.

My friends demand of me absolutely that I should announce my marriage to the Prince before it takes place. They grant that I do not owe this to him; but they say that respect for him requires it. And I have been weak enough to promise. I was just about to drive to the Palace.

Claudia (startled).

To the Prince?

SCENE IX.

Birro; immediately after him Marinelli; and the foregoing.

Birro.

Madam, the Marquis Marinelli is at the door, and enquires for my Lord the Count.

Appiani.

For me?

Birra.

He is here already. (*Opens the door for him, and exit.*)

Marinelli.

I beg your pardon, madam.—My Lord Count, I drove to your house and learned that I should find you here. I have pressing business with you.—I beg your pardon again, madam; I shall have finished in a very few moments—

Claudia.

Which I will not prolong. (*Bows to him, and exit.*)

SCENE X.

Marinelli. Appiani.

Appiani.

Well, my Lord?

Martinelli.

I come from his Highness the Prince.

Appiani.

What are his commands?

Martinelli.

I am proud to be the bearer of so pre-eminent a favour. And if Count Appiani will not insist on disowning one of his most devoted friends in me—

Appiani.

Without further preface, if I may beg so much.

Marinelli.

Certainly.—The Prince must send a plenipotentiary immediately to the Duke of Massa, concerning his betrothal to the Princess's daughter. He was long undetermined whom he should select; but, finally, his choice has fallen upon you, my Lord Count.

Appiani.

Upon me?

Marinelli.

And it was — if friendship may be allowed to boast — not altogether without my assistance.

Appiani.

Really, you place me in embarrassment for words to thank you. I have long since ceased to expect that the Prince would deign to employ me.

Marinelli.

I am assured that it is only a fitting opportunity which has been wanting. But if this also is unworthy of such a man as Count Appiani, then, indeed, my friendship has been overhasty.

Appiani.

Friendship, friendship, for the third time friendship! With whom then am I speaking? I had never dreamed of possessing the Marquis Marinelli's friendship.

Marinelli.

I acknowledge my mistake, my Lord Count, my unpardonable mistake, in wishing without your permission to be your friend. However, what does it matter? The Prince's favour and the honour proposed to you,

remain what they were, and I do not doubt that you will seize them with avidity.

Sppizzi. (*after a short pause.*)

Undoubtedly.

Marinelli.

Well then, come.

Sppizzi.

Where?

Marinelli.

To Dosalo, to the Prince. — Everything is in readiness, and you must start this very day.

Sppizzi.

What say you? This very day?

Marinelli.

This hour rather than the next. It is an affair of the most urgent haste.

Sppizzi.

In truth? Then I am sorry that I must decline the honour which the Prince had destined for me.

Marinelli.

What?

Sppizzi.

I cannot leave to-day; — nor to-morrow either; nor yet the day after to-morrow.

Marinelli.

You are joking, my Lord.

Sppizzi.

With you?

Marinelli.

Inimitable! If the joke is intended for the Prince, it is all the finer.—You cannot?

Pippini.

No, my Lord, no. And I hope that the Prince himself will admit my excuse.

Marinelli.

I am curious to hear what that is.

Pippini.

O, a mere trifle! You see, I am going to be married to-day.

Marinelli.

Well? And then?

Pippini.

And then? And then? Your question is desperately naive.

Marinelli.

There have been examples, my Lord Count, of marriages having been postponed.—I do not pretend, indeed, that it has always been pleasant to the bride or to the bridegroom. It may have its disagreeable side. But still I should have thought that the master's command —

Pippini.

The master's command! The master? A master whom one chooses oneself is not so absolutely one's master.—I admit that *you* would owe the Prince unconditional obedience. But not I. I came to his court as a volunteer. I wished to have the honour of serving him, but not to become his slave. I am the vassal of a greater Lord.

Marinelli.

Greater or smaller, Lord is Lord.

Sppianni.

Absurd! that I should quarrel with you about it!
Enough;—tell the Prince what you have heard: that
I am sorry not to be able to accept his favour, because
I am going this day to form an alliance on which my
whole happiness depends.)

Marinelli.

Will you not let him know at the same time with
whom?

Sppianni.

With Emilia Galotti.

Marinelli.

The daughter of this family?

Sppianni.

Of this family.

Marinelli.

Hm! Hm!

Sppianni.

I beg your pardon?

Marinelli.

I should have thought, in that case, there would be
all the less difficulty in postponing the ceremony until
after your return.

Sppianni.

The ceremony? The ceremony, indeed?

Marinelli.

The good people will not be so particular.

Gippiani.

The good people?

Marinelli.

And Emilia will certainly remain constant to you.

Gippiani.

Certainly remain constant? You are certainly an ape, with your "certainly."

Marinelli.

That to me, Count?

Gippiani.

Why not?

Marinelli.

Heaven and Hell! You shall give account of this.

Gippiani.

Pah! The ape is malicious; but —

Marinelli.

Death and Damnation! Count, I demand satisfaction.

Gippiani.

Of course.

Marinelli.

And would have it on the spot — only that I would not spoil this day to the tender bridegroom.

Gippiani.

Good-natured creature! No, no; (*seizing his hand*) I cannot indeed go on an embassy to Massa to-day; but I have time at disposal for a walk with you. Come, let us away!

Marinelli (*tears himself free, and goes out*).

Patience, Count, only patience!

SCENE XI.

Gigliani. *Claudia Galotti.*

Gigliani.

Go, scoundrel! Ha! that has done me good. It has made my blood boil. I feel different, better.

Claudia (*hurriedly and anxiously*).

Good heavens! my Lord Count—I heard a violent dispute. Your face is flushed. What has happened?

Gigliani.

Nothing, madam, nothing. The Chamberlain Marnelli has done me a great service. He has spared me my visit to the Prince.

Claudia.

In truth?

Gigliani.

We can now start so much the earlier. I am going to urge on my people, and shall be back again directly. Emilia will also be ready by that time.

Claudia.

May I be quite easy, my Lord Count?

Gigliani.

Quite easy, madam.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

An ante-room in the Prince's Summer Palace.

SCENE I.

The Prince. Marinelli.

Marinelli.

In vain. He rejected the proposed honour with the greatest contempt.

Prince.

And so there the matter rests? Everything takes its course? This day will see Emilia his?

Marinelli.

To all appearance.

Prince.

I expected as much from this scheme of yours.— Who knows how awkwardly you managed it? If the advice of a fool for once happen to be good, it requires a wise man to carry it out. I ought to have remembered that.

Marinelli.

I am richly rewarded, truly.

Prince.

And wherefore, rewarded?

Marinelli.

For having risked even my life in your cause. When I perceived that neither by argument nor by ridicule could I move the Count to prefer honour to love, I tried to make him lose his temper. I said such

things to him as made him forget himself. He insulted me, and I demanded satisfaction — and demanded it on the spot. I thought to myself either he kills me or I him. If I him, then the field is ours. If he me; well, what then? He must fly, and the Prince at least gains time.

Prince.

You did this, Marinelli?

Marinelli.

Ah! We ought to know when we are so foolishly ready to sacrifice ourselves for Princes, — we ought to know beforehand how grateful they will be.

Prince.

And the Count? He has the reputation of not requiring such a demand to be made twice.

Marinelli.

That is doubtless as it may happen. — Who can blame him for it? He answered that, for to-day, he certainly had affairs of greater importance than measuring swords with me. And so he dismissed me till a week after the marriage.

Prince.

With Emilia Galotti! The thought drives me mad. — Thereupon, you were satisfied, and took your leave, — and you come and boast that you have risked your life for me, — have sacrificed yourself —

Marinelli.

But what more would your Highness have had me do?

Prince.

What more? — As if he had done anything!

Marinelli.

And allow me to ask what your Highness has effected for yourself? You were so fortunate as to obtain an interview with her in the Church. What understanding have you come to with her?

Prince (*scoffingly*).

O, no lack of curiosity! which I must needs satisfy. — It all passed as well as I could have wished. You need trouble yourself no further, my too-officious friend. (She met my advances more than half way. I might have carried her off at once. (*Cold and imperious*.) Now, you know what you wish to know, — and may leave me.

Marinelli.

And may leave you! Yes, yes, that is the end of it. And it would be the end, were I even to attempt the impossible. — The impossible do I say? After all, it would not be so utterly impossible; — but it would require daring. If once we had the bride in our power, I would answer for it that the wedding would come to nothing.

Prince.

Aye! What will this man not answer for? — All I should have to do now, would be to give him a company of my bodyguard, that he might lie in ambush with them on the highway, fall with his fifty men upon a carriage, and bear off a young maiden whom he would bring to me in triumph.

Marinelli.

It would be easier to carry off a girl by force if the force were not made apparent.

Prince.

If you knew how to do that, you would make no long talk about it first.

Marinelli.

But one ought not to be made responsible for the result.—Accidents might happen.

Prince.

And it is my way, I suppose, to make people responsible for things they cannot help!

Marinelli.

Then, your Highness—(*A shot is heard in the distance.*) Ha! what was that? Did my ears deceive me? Did not your Highness also hear a shot?—And there, another!

Prince.

What is it? What is going on?

Marinelli.

What do you imagine? What, if I had been more active than you imagine?

Prince.

More active? But then tell me —

Marinelli.

In a word: that which I have spoken of is now taking place.

Prince.

Is it possible?

Marinelli.

Only you will not forget, Prince, what you have just promised me. You give me your word for it again — —

Prince.

But the preparations are — —

Marinelli.

Such as circumstances would allow. The execution is entrusted to people upon whom I can depend. The road passes close to the wall of the park. One party is to attack the carriage there as if with the intention of plundering it, while another party, with whom there is one of my servants, is to rush out of the park as if to the rescue. During the fray in which both parties pretend to engage, my servant will seize Emilia as if to save her, and will bring her through the park to the palace. This was the agreement. What say you now, Prince?

Prince.

You surprise me strangely. And a certain apprehensiveness takes hold of me. (*Marinelli steps to the window.*) What are you looking at, out there?

Marinelli.

That is where it must be. Yes; and there is some one in a mask already coming at a gallop round by the park wall, — doubtless to apprise me of the result. Your Highness had better retire.

Prince.

Ah! Marinelli —

Marinelli.

Well? I did too little before, now I have done too much, have I not?

Prince.

Not exactly. But with all this, I do not foresee —

Marinelli.

Foresee? — Better see all at once! — Withdraw quickly. The mask must not see you. [Exit *Prince*.

SCENE II.

Marinelli, afterwards Angelo.

Marinelli (goes again to the window).

Ah! There is the carriage driving slowly back to the town. So slowly? And every servant in his place? Those are signs which I do not like: signs that the measure has only half succeeded; that they are gently taking back a wounded, not a dead, man. The mask dismounts. It is Angelo himself. The daring fool! — He has learned the ways here by this time. He makes a sign to me. He must be sure of his game. Ha, my Lord Count, you would not go to Massa, and now you have had to take a far longer journey! Who had taught you to know the apes so well? (*Going towards the door.*) Yes, certainly, they are malicious. — Well, Angelo?

Angelo (who has taken off his mask).

Be ready, Lord Chamberlain. They must soon bring her, now.

Marinelli.

And how did it succeed, otherwise?

Angelo.

O, well, I think.

Marinelli.

How fares it with the Count?

Angelo.

At your service,—so, so! But he must have had an inkling of something; for he was not altogether unprepared.

Marinelli.

Say, speedily, what you have to say to me. Is he dead?

Angelo.

I am very sorry for the good gentleman.

Marinelli.

There, take that for your compassionate heart.
(Gives him a purse of gold.)

Angelo.

And there's my brave Niccolo too, who has had to pay for it with his life.

Marinelli.

What? Loss on both sides?

Angelo.

I could weep for the honest boy! Though his death profits me by one fourth of this. (*Weighing the purse in his hand.*) For I am his heir, having revenged him. That is our law: as good a one, I fancy, as was ever made for loyalty and friendship. This Niccolo, Lord Chamberlain —

Marinelli.

A fig for your Niccolo! But the Count, the Count —

Angelo.

The Devil! The Count had taken good aim at him. In return, I took good aim at the Count. He fell; and if he got back alive into the carriage, I warrant that he does not come out of it alive.

Marinelli.

If that were but certain, Angelo!

Angelo.

I will lose your custom if it be not certain. Have you any further commands? For I have a long journey before me. We must be over the border by night.

Marinelli.

Go, then.

Angelo.

If anything happens again, Lord Chamberlain, you know where I am to be heard of. What another ventures to do will be no difficult task for me. And I am cheaper than any other.

[*Exit.*

Marinelli.

Good. — And yet not so very good. Fie on you, Angelo, to be such a niggard. He would surely have been worth a second shot. And how much the poor Count is now suffering, perhaps. Fie on you, Angelo! That is doing your work but cruelly and clumsily. But the Prince must know nothing of this yet. He must discover for himself how advantageous this death is to him. This death! What would I not give for the certainty

SCENE III.

*The Prince. Marinelli.**Prince.*

There she comes, along the walk. She hurries on before the servant. Fear seems to give wings to her feet. She cannot suspect anything yet. She thinks she is only escaping from robbers. But how long will this last?

Marinelli.

Well, at any rate, we have got her, in the first place.

Prince.

And will not the mother seek her? Will not the Count come after her? Then, what advance have we made? How can I withhold her from them?

Marinelli.

I confess, I do not yet know how to answer all these questions. But we must see.—Have patience, my Lord. It was necessary that the first step should be taken.

Prince.

What avails it, if we are to be forced to retrace it?

Marinelli.

Perhaps, we shall not. There are a thousand things that may help us on. And have you forgotten what the chief thing is?

Prince.

How can I forget what I have most assuredly never thought of? The chief thing! What is it?

Marinelli.

The art of pleasing — of persuading — which never fails a Prince, who is in love.

Prince.

Never fails? Excepting just where he most needs it. I have had too mortifying a trial of this art already to-day. With all my blandishments and protestations I could not extort even one word from her. Dumb and dejected and trembling, she stood there as if she were a criminal hearing her doom. Her alarm infected me. I trembled with her, and ended with an entreaty for forgiveness. I can hardly venture to address her again. At any rate, I should not dare to do so on her first entrance. You, Marinelli, must receive her. I will be near at hand to listen to what goes on, and will come in when my thoughts are more collected.

SCENE IV.

Marinelli. Presently his servant Battista with Emilia.

Marinelli.

If only she did not see him fall! — But that she can scarcely have done, since she has hurried away so. — She comes. — Nor will I be the first on whom her eye falls here. (*Draws back into a corner of the room.*)

Battista.

This way, if you please, my Lady.

Emilia (out of breath).

Ah! Ah! Thank you, my friend, thank you. But — O God — where am I? — And so utterly alone?

Where is my mother? Where is the Count? They are following, surely, close behind us?

Battista.

I suppose so.

Emilia.

You suppose? Do you not know? Did you not see them? Was not a shot fired behind us?

Battista.

A shot? Impossible!

Emilia.

I am sure of it.—And it has struck the Count or my mother—

Battista.

I will go at once in search of them.

Emilia.

Not without me. I will go with you; I must go with you; come!

Marinelli (who suddenly approaches as if he had just entered).

Alas, lady! To what a mischance—or rather to what a happy chance—to what a happy mischance, do we owe this honour!

Emilia (*starting*).

What? You here, my Lord? Then, I am perhaps in your house? Pardon me, my Lord Chamberlain. We were attacked not far off by robbers. Some good people came to our assistance; and this honest man lifted me out of the carriage and brought me here. But I am dismayed at finding myself alone saved. My mother is still in danger. A shot was even fired behind us.

She is dead perhaps — and I live? Pardon me, I must go; I must return to the spot which I ought never to have left.

Marinelli.

Reassure yourself, sweet lady. All is going well; they will soon be with you — those beloved ones for whom you feel so much tender anxiety. Meanwhile, go, Battista, run: they might chance not to know where the young lady is. They might perhaps be seeking her in one of the park lodges. Bring them here without delay.

[*Exit Battista.*

Emilia.

Are you certain? Are they all saved? Has nothing happened to them? Ah! what a day of terrors, this has been to me! — But I ought not to remain here. I must hasten to meet them.

Marinelli.

Why so? You are exhausted and out of breath as it is. — No, rather take some repose. Deign to pass into a more commodious apartment. — I will wager that the Prince is already at the side of your honoured mother, and is conducting her to you.

Emilia.

Who, do you say?

Marinelli.

His Highness the Prince.

Emilia (astonished).

The Prince?

Marinelli.

He flew to your assistance on the first tidings of what had befallen. He is highly indignant that any-

one should have dared to attempt such a crime so near the palace, under his eyes as it were. He has ordered that the culprits be pursued, and their punishment, if they are captured, will be of unexampled severity.

Emilia.

The Prince! Then where am I?

Marinelli.

At Dosalo, the Prince's summer-palace.

Emilia.

What a strange chance! — And you think that he may presently be here? — But at any rate accompanied by my mother?

Marinelli.

Here he is already.

SCENE V.

The Prince. Emilia. Marinelli.

Prince.

Where is she? — We have been looking for you everywhere, dear lady. You are well, I hope? Then all is well. The Count, your mother —

Emilia.

Ah! my Lord, where are they? Where is my mother?

Prince.

Not far off, quite close here.

Emilia.

O Heaven, in what state shall I perhaps find one or the other of them! Perhaps? — Certainly! — For you

are concealing something from me, my Lord; I see
that you are concealing from me — ✓

Prince.

Not so, sweet lady.—Take my arm, and come
with me without fear.

Emilia (*hesitatingly*).

But—if nothing has happened to them—if my
forebodings deceived me—why are they not already
here? Why did they not come with your Highness?)

Prince.

Hasten, I pray you, to banish these gloomy mis-
givings.

Emilia (*wringing her hands*).

What shall I do?

Prince.

What, lady? Do you foster a suspicion against me? ✓

Emilia (*throwing herself on her knees before him*).

At your feet, my Lord — —

Prince (*raising her up again*).

I am overwhelmed with shame. Yes, Emilia, I
deserve this dumb reproach. My conduct this morning
cannot be justified,—at most it can be but pardoned.
Forgive my weakness. I ought not to have disquieted
you with a confession from which I could hope to gain
nothing. Besides, I was sufficiently punished by the
speechless confusion with which you listened, or rather
did not listen;—and if I might look upon this accident
which procures me the happiness of seeing you, of
speaking to you once more, before all hope vanishes
for ever, if I might look upon this accident as a sign

of a favouring fortune, as the most wonderful postponement of my final doom, so that I may venture to pray once more for forgiveness; I will — do not tremble, sweet lady — hang wholly and alone upon your every look. No word, no sigh shall insult you. — Only do not pain me by your mistrust. Only do not doubt for one moment the absolute power which you have over me. Only let it never enter into your thoughts that you need the protection of another against me. — And now come, lady, — come whither a joy awaits you, which you will more readily accept. (*He leads her off, though not without some hesitation on her part.*) Follow us, Marinelli.

Marinelli.

✓ Follow us, — that may mean: do not follow us. — Besides, to what end should I follow them? Let him see how far he can advance with her in a tête-à-tête. All that I have to do is — to see that they be not disturbed. — From the Count, indeed, I may hope there is no danger. But from the mother, — the mother! I should be very much surprised if she had quietly beaten a retreat and left her daughter in the lurch. — Well, Battista, what is it?

SCENE VI.

Battista. Marinelli.

Battista (hurriedly).

Her mother, my Lord Chamberlain.

Marinelli.

Just as I expected! — Where is she?

Battista.

If you are not beforehand with her, she will be here in one minute. I had no intention of seeking her, as you pretended to command me to do, when suddenly I heard her cries from afar. She is on the track of her daughter, — if not indeed of the whole plot. Every single human being in this lonely part of the country has collected round her, and each wants to be the one who shall show her the way. Whether she has yet been told that the Prince is here, — that you are here, — I know not. — What will you do?

Martinelli.

Let me see. (*Considers.*) Not let her in, if she knows that her daughter is here? That will not do. — To be sure, she will open her eyes when she sees the wolf by the side of the lamb. Well, that might be borne. But Heaven take pity on our ears! — Well, what then? The strongest lungs cannot hold out for ever, not even a woman's. They all leave off screaming when they can scream no more. — Moreover, we must remember, she is the mother, whom we must have on our side. — If I know the mother rightly, it would gratify her more than anything to be a sort of mother-in-law to a Prince. — Let her come, Battista, let her come.

Battista.

Just listen to her, listen to her!

Claudia (*within*).

Emilia? Emilia, my child, where are you?

Martinelli.

Go, Battista, and try to get rid of her inquisitive followers.

SCENE VII.

Claudia Galotti. **Battista.** **Marinelli.**

Claudia (*enters at the door at the moment Battista is attempting to leave.*)

Hal! there is the one who lifted her out of the carriage, — who led her away. — I know you; where is she? Speak, wretched man!

Battista.

This is my thanks!

Claudia.

O, if you deserve thanks, — (*in a gentle voice*) forgive me, honest man. — Where is she? Let me not be separated from her any longer. Where is she?

Battista.

O, my lady, she could not be better cared for in the realms of bliss. My master here will conduct you to her. — (*To some people who are striving to force their way in.*) Stand back there! [Exit.

SCENE VIII.

Claudia Galotti. **Marinelli.**

Claudia.

Your master? — (*Perceives Marinelli and starts back.*) Ha! — that is your master? — You here, my Lord? And my daughter here? And you, you are to conduct me to her?

Marinelli.

With great pleasure, madam.

Claudia.

Stay, — it just occurs to me, — it was you, was it not, who called upon the Count this morning at my house; whom I left alone with him; who got into dispute with him?

Marinelli.

Dispute? — I was not aware of it: an unimportant discussion concerning some affairs of the Prince.

Claudia.

And your name is Marinelli?

Marinelli.

Marquis Marinelli.

Claudia.

I am right then. — Then listen, my Lord Marquis: Marinelli was — the name of Marinelli was accompanied by a curse. — No, let me not calumniate the noble man, — accompanied by no curse. — I added the curse. — The name of Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count.

Marinelli.

Of the dying Count? — Count Appiani? — You hear, madam, what strikes me most in your strange speech. The dying Count? I fail to understand what else you mean.

Claudia (*slowly and bitterly*).

The name of Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count. — Now, do you understand? — I did not understand it at first either, although spoken in a tone, — in such a tone! I hear it still. — Where were my senses that they did not at once understand that tone?

Marinelli.

Well, madam. I was of old the Count's friend, his most intimate friend. So that, if he spoke of me when he was dying — —

Claudia.

In that tone? — I cannot imitate it; I cannot describe it; but it expressed everything, — everything! What? They were robbers, by whom we were attacked? They were assassins, hired assassins! — And Marinelli, Marinelli was the last word of the dying Count, — in that tone!

Marinelli.

In that tone? — Whoever heard of grounding an accusation against an honourable man on a tone caught in a moment of terror.

Claudia.

Ha! could I but put it into court, that tone! But, alas! I am forgetting my daughter. — Where is she? What? Dead too? — Was it my daughter's fault that Appiani was your enemy?

Marinelli.

I pardon an anxious mother. — Come, madam, your daughter is here in one of the adjoining rooms, and has I hope by this time fully recovered from her alarm. The Prince himself is tending her with the greatest care —

Claudia.

Who? who, himself?

Marinelli.

The Prince.

Claudia.

The Prince? Do you really say the Prince? Our Prince?

Marinelli.

What other?

Claudia.

Then,—unhappy mother that I am!—And her father,—her father!—He will curse the day of her birth. He will curse me.

Marinelli.

For heaven's sake, madam! What idea has taken possession of you now?

Claudia.

It is clear,—is it not? The villainy began to-day in the church, before the eyes of the Holiest, in the presence of the Eternal. That was the beginning of it.—(To Marinelli.) Ha! Assassin! cowardly, miserable assassin! Not brave enough to kill with your own hand, but despicable enough to assassinate for the sake of satisfying another's desire!—Scum of all assassins! — Honest murderers would not suffer you amongst them. You,—you!—For why should I not in one single word fling all my hatred, all my anger, into your face?—You! you! pander!

Marinelli.

You are wandering, good madam. But at any rate, moderate your wild cries, and recollect where you are.

Claudia.

Where I am?—Recollect where I am?—What matters it to the lioness in what wood she roars when her young are stolen from her?

Emilia (within).

Ha! my mother! I hear my mother!

Claudia.

Her voice! — it is she! — She has heard me, she has heard me. — And I was not to cry out? — Where are you, my child? I come, I come. (*She rushes into the inner room, Marinelli following her.*)

ACT IV.

The anteroom as before.

SCENE I.

The Prince. Marinelli.

Prince (*entering as if from the inner room*).

Come, Marinelli, I must recover myself, — and must have some explanation from you.

Marinelli.

O, that maternal rage! Ha, ha, ha!

Prince.

You laugh?

Marinelli.

If you had but seen, Prince, how madly she went on here, here, in this room; — you must have heard her cries; — and how quiet she became all at once when she saw you — Ha, ha! I knew full well, that no mother would tear out the eyes of a Prince, because he admired her daughter.

Prince.

You are a bad observer. — The daughter fell senseless into her mother's arms. It was that, not my pres-

ence, which made her forget her rage. It was to spare her daughter, not me, that she spoke low and indistinctly what I would fain not have heard and do not wish to understand.

Marinelli.

What, my Lord?

Prince.

Why this dissimulation? — Out with it! Is it true, or is it not true?

Marinelli.

And even if it were true?

Prince.

Even if it were true? — Then it is true? He is dead? Dead? — (*In a threatening tone.*) Marinelli! Marinelli!

Marinelli.

Well?

Prince.

By Heaven! By all-merciful Heaven! I am innocent of this blood. If you had told me beforehand that it would cost the Count his life — No, — I would have said no, even if it had cost me my own life.

Marinelli.

If I had told you beforehand? — As if his death had formed part of my plan! I had solemnly bound Angelo to take care that nobody was harmed. And it would have all passed off without the slightest violence, had the Count not taken upon himself to begin. He shot one of them dead on the spot.

Prince.

Truly, — he should have known how to take a joke!

Marinelli.

That Angelo was then enraged, and revenged the death of his comrade —

Prince.

Was, of course, no more than natural!

Marinelli.

I have reproved him sufficiently for it.

Prince.

Reproved? How friendly! — Warn him not to set foot again in my dominions. My reproof might not be so friendly.

Marinelli.

With all my heart! — I and Angelo, — design and accident: it is all the same. It was, indeed, stipulated, — it was, indeed, agreed on in advance, that I was not to be held responsible for any accident which might happen in the affair —

Prince.

Which *might* happen, do you say? Might happen, or would happen?

Marinelli.

Better and better! — But before your Highness tells me, in plain words, what is your opinion of me — one single representation: the death of the Count is anything but indifferent to me. I had called him out; he owed me satisfaction; he has quitted the world without giving it me; and my honour remains injured. Assume that, under any other circumstances, I might have deserved the suspicion which you cherish against me; but under these? — (*With feigned anger.*) Who can think that of me!

Prince (*relaxing*).

Well, well —

Marinelli.

Would that he still lived! O, would that he still lived! I would give everything, everything in the world for it. — (*In a bitter tone*) Even my Prince's favour, — that inestimable, never-to-be-forfeited favour, would I give!

Prince.

I understand. — Well, well. His death was an accident, a mere accident. You vouch for it, and I, — ✓ I believe it. — But who else will believe it? The mother? Emilia? The world?

Marinelli.

Hardly.

Prince.

And if they do not believe it, what will they believe? — You shrug your shoulders? — They will hold your Angelo for the tool, and me for the doer, —

Marinelli (*more coldly*).

It is probable enough.

Prince.

Me, me! — Or from this hour I must give up all thought of Emilia.

Marinelli (*in an indifferent tone*).

Which you would equally have been obliged to do had the Count still lived.

Prince (*violently — but quickly recovering himself*).

Marinelli! — But you shall not drive me wild. — Let it be so! — It is so. — And, after all, you only want to imply that the Count's death is a piece of good

fortune for me — is the greatest piece of good fortune that could have befallen me — the only good fortune that could be of assistance to my love. And, as such let it have happened as it may. — What is one Count more or less in the world? — Do I read your thoughts aright? — Well, I am not afraid of a small crime myself. Only, good friend, it must be a small, noiseless crime, a small useful crime, and, you see, this one of ours can hardly be called noiseless or useful. It has, indeed, cleared the way, but has closed it at the same time. Everyone would lay it on our head, — and unfortunately we should not even have committed it! Surely this is nothing but the result of your wonderfully wise arrangements?

Marinelli.

If it so pleases you —

Prince.

Of what else? — Speak out!

Marinelli.

More is laid to my charge than fairly belongs to me.

Prince.

Speak out, I say!

Marinelli.

Well then, what was there in my arrangements to make suspicion fall so readily on the Prince at this accident? The fault lay in the master-stroke with which he graciously interfered in these arrangements.

Prince.

I?

Marinelli.

He will allow me to say that the step which he took in the Church this morning,— with however much address he may have carried it out, and however unavoidable such a step may have been,— did not form a part of our original programme.

Prince.

And what harm has it done, pray?

Marinelli.

Not ruined it for ever, it is true; but, for the time, undoubtedly.

Prince.

Hm! Do I understand you?

Marinelli.

To be brief: when I took up the affair, Emilia knew nothing of the Prince's love. Is it not so? ✓
Emilia's mother still less. Supposing now, that I had built upon this circumstance, and that meanwhile the Prince had sapped the foundations of my building?

Prince (*striking his forehead*).

Fool that I was!

Marinelli.

Supposing now that he had himself betrayed his designs?

Prince.

Cursed device!

Marinelli.

And supposing that he had not betrayed them?— Truly, I should like to know from which of my arrangements either mother or daughter could have conceived the slightest suspicion against him.

Prince.

You are right.

Marinelli.

That is certainly very wrong in me. I entreat your Highness's pardon.

SCENE II.

Battista. *Prince.* Marinelli.

Battista (hurriedly).

The Countess has just arrived.

Prince.

The Countess? What Countess?

Battista.

Orsina.

Prince.

Orsina, Marinelli? — Orsina, Marinelli?

Marinelli.

I am not less astonished than you are yourself.

Prince.

Go, Battista, run; she must not alight: I am not here. For her, I am not here. She must instantly turn back again. Go, — run. (*Exit Battista.*) What does the fool want? How does she dare? How does she know that we are here? Is it possible that she can have got some information? Can she have heard anything already? Ah, Marinelli, I beseech you, speak, — answer me! Are you offended, you who want to be my friend? And offended, too, by a miserable dispute? Must I beg your forgiveness?

Marinelli.

Ah, Prince, as soon as you are yourself again, I am yours with my whole soul. Orsina's coming is as much an enigma to me as to you. But she will hardly submit to be refused admittance. What will you do?

Prince.

Not see her on any account,—I will withdraw.

Marinelli.

Good,—but quickly. I will receive her.

Prince.

But only to bid her depart. Enter into no discussion with her. We have other matters on hand here.

Marinelli.

Not so, Prince. Those other matters are accomplished. Only take courage. What is still wanting will undoubtedly come of itself. But is not that her voice I hear? Make haste, Prince. There, (*pointing to a cabinet into which the Prince retires*) if you desire it, you will be able to hear us. I fear, I sadly fear, she has not come out in her most amiable mood.

SCENE III.

Countess Orsina. Marinelli.

Orsina (without at first perceiving Marinelli).

How is this?—No one comes to receive me but an impudent fellow who would even have refused me admittance? Am I not at Dosalo? At that Dosalo, where once a crowd of eager lacqueys rushed to meet

me, and love and joy awaited me? It is the place, but, — but — you here, Marinelli? 'Tis well that the Prince has brought you with him. — No, 'tis not well. What I have to settle with him, I have to settle with him only. — Where is he?

Marinelli.

The Prince, my dear Countess?

Orsina.

Who else?

Marinelli.

Then you expect to find him here? You know that he is here? He at any rate does not expect the Countess Orsina.

Orsina.

Does not? — Then did he not receive my letter this morning?

Marinelli.

Your letter? — Oh yes, I remember, he mentioned a letter from you.

Orsina.

Well, did I not ask in that letter for an interview here at Dosalo to-day? It is true he did not choose to answer me in writing. But I learned that an hour afterwards he had actually driven out to Dosalo. I thought that sufficient answer, and came.

Marinelli.

A curious chance!

Orsina.

Chance? Do you not hear that it was agreed upon? On my side, the letter; on his, the act. — How my Lord Marquis stands suspended! How he opens his eyes! Is his small brain astonished? And at what, pray?

Marinelli.

You seemed but yesterday so far from all thought
of ever again entering the Prince's presence.

Orsina.

Morning brings better counsel. — But where is he? — where is he? What can it mean? He is in the room where I heard those screams. I was going to enter when the wretch of a servant stepped in front of me.

Marinelli.

My dearest and best of Countesses —

Orsina.

They were the cries of a woman. What can it mean, Marinelli? I pray you, tell me; — tell me, if I really am your dearest and best of Countesses. — O, this Court vermin! Not a word but is a lie. But of what moment is it whether you tell me beforehand or not? I shall know it equally well. (*Is going.*)

Marinelli (*detaining her.*)

Whither?

Orsina.

Where I ought to have been long ago. Do you think it is fitting for me to be carrying on a wretched altercation with you in the ante-chamber, while the Prince is waiting for me in the inner room?

Marinelli.

You are mistaken, my dear Countess. The Prince does not expect you. The Prince cannot see you, — will not see you.

Orsina.

And yet he is here? And here in consequence of my letter?

Marinelli.

Not in consequence of your letter.

Orsina.

Why, you say that it was received —

Marinelli.

Received, but not read.

Orsina (*violently*).

Not read? — (*Less violently.*) Not read? — (*Sorrowfully, and wiping a tear from her eye.*) Not even read?

Marinelli.

From distraction of mind, I am sure; not from contempt.

Orsina (*proudly*).

Contempt, forsooth! Who thinks of it? To whom do you think it necessary to say that? You are an insolent consoler, Marinelli. Contempt! Contempt! I am despised too — I! — (*More gently, and subsiding into a melancholy tone.*) He loves me no longer. That is certain. And in the place of love something else has entered into his soul. That is natural. But why must it be contempt? Indifference would have been enough. Would it not, Marinelli?

Marinelli.

Undoubtedly, — undoubtedly.

Orsina (*scornfully*).

Undoubtedly? O, sage Marquis! who will say whatever one likes to make him. Indifference? Indifference in the place of love? — That is to say, nothing in the place of something; for learn, parrot-like courtier, — learn from a woman, — that indifference is an empty word, a mere sound, to which nothing, nothing on earth corresponds. The soul is indifferent only to that which it does not think of, to a thing which to it is

no thing. And to be indifferent only to a thing which is no thing — is the same as not to be indifferent at all. Is that too deep for you, fellow?

Marinelli (aside).

Alas! 'tis but too true, what I feared.

Orsini.

What are you muttering there?

Marinelli.

Merely astonishment. — And who, my dear Countess, does not know that you are a philosopher? ✓

Orsini.

Who indeed? Yes, yes; I am one. But did I betray just now that I was? Fie upon me, if I have said anything to betray it, and still more if I have often done so. Is it to be any longer wondered at that the Prince despises me? How can a man love a thing that will think for itself in spite of him? A woman who thinks is as disgusting as a man who rouges. She should laugh, do nothing but laugh, to keep the stern lord of creation always in a good humour.— Well, what am I laughing at, at this moment, Marinelli? — O, to be sure, at the strange chance: that I should write to the Prince and ask him to come to Dosalo; that the Prince should not read my letter, and yet that he should come. Ha, ha, ha! Truly a curious chance! Most droll, most amusing! But you do not laugh with me, Marinelli. The stern lord of creation may laugh with us, although we may not think with him. — (*In a grave imperious tone.*) Laugh, I tell you.

Marinelli.

Presently, madam, presently.

Orsina.

Idiot! While you speak, the moment has passed.—No, no, do not laugh.—For you see, Marinelli, (*thoughtfully and with emotion*) that which makes me laugh so heartily has also its grave, its very grave side;—like all else in the world.—Chance? Would it be a chance if the Prince, not having thought he should see me here, were yet obliged to see me? A chance? Believe me, Marinelli, the word chance is blasphemy. Nothing under the sun is chance, least of all that of which the purpose is so palpable.—Almighty, all-bountiful Providence, forgive me if, with this foolish sinner I have called that which is Thy work, Thy most direct work, a chance!—(*Turning hastily to Marinelli.*) Come, if you dare, and mislead me again into such an offence!

Marinelli (*aside*).

This is going rather far. (*Aloud.*) But, dear Countess —

Orsina.

Silence with your *buts*. Buts cost reflection; and my head, my head! (*putting her hand to her forehead.*) Make haste, Marinelli, make haste; let me speak with the Prince at once, or I shall not be in a condition to do so. You see, we have to meet,—we must meet.—

SCENE IV.

The Prince. Orsina. Marinelli.

Prince (*aside, as he steps out of the cabinet*).
I must come to his assistance.

Orsina (*perceiving him but irresolute whether she shall advance towards him or not*).
Ah, there he is!

Prince (*walks straight past her, across the room to the other apartments, without stopping whilst he speaks*).

Our beautiful Countess here! How much I regret, madam, that I am to-day so little able to avail myself of the honour of your visit.— I am engaged. I am not alone. — Another day, my dear Countess. — Do not stay any longer, — not any longer. — And you, Marinelli, I await you. [Exit.

SCENE V.

Countess Orsina. Marinelli.

Marinelli.

Now, Countess, you have heard from the Prince himself what you would not believe from my lips.

Orsina (*as if stunned*).

Have I? — Have I in truth?

Marinelli.

In truth.

Orsina (*with emotion*).

“I am engaged. I am not alone.” — Is that all the excuse I am worth? Whom do we not put off in that way? Every intruder, every beggar. Not one more lie for me, — not a single little lie? — Engaged? with what? — Not alone? who can be with him? — Come, Marinelli, — out of pity, dear Marinelli; tell me a lie on your own account; what can a lie cost you? — What engagement has he? Who is with him? Tell me. Say whatever first comes upon your tongue; and I will go.

Marinelli (aside).

On that condition, I might venture to tell her a part of the truth.

Orsina.

Well? Quickly, Marinelli, and I go. — The Prince said, besides: "another day, my dear Countess," did he not? — That he may keep his word, that he may have no pretext for breaking it, tell me your lie speedily, and I will go.

Marinelli.

The Prince, dear Countess, is, in fact, not alone. There are some guests with him from whom he cannot spare a moment, who have just escaped a great danger. — The Count Appiani —

Orsina.

Is with him? — Pity, that I must detect you in your lie. — Another, quickly. — For Count Appiani, if you do not yet know it, has just been shot by robbers. The carriage with his body met me a short distance from the town. — Or has he not been shot? Did I only dream it?

Marinelli.

Alas, it is no dream! — But the others who were with the Count have safely escaped, and are here in the palace: his bride and the mother of the bride, with whom he was going to Sabionetta to solemnize his marriage.

Orsina.

Then they, — they are with the Prince? The bride and her mother? — Is the bride fair?

Marinelli.

Her misfortune has touched the Prince deeply.

Orsina.

I should hope so — even were she ugly; for her fate is fearful. Poor, poor girl! At the very moment he was to have been yours for ever, he is torn from you for ever! — And who is this bride? Do I know her at all? — I have been so long absent from town that I am ignorant of what is passing.

Marinelli.

It is Emilia Galotti.

Orsina.

Who? — Emilia Galotti? — Emilia Galotti? — Let me not take *this* lie for truth, Marinelli!

Marinelli.

How so?

Orsina.

Emilia Galotti?

Marinelli.

You can hardly know her. —

Orsina.

I do, I do; did it date but from to-day. In very truth, Marinelli, — Emilia Galotti? — Emilia Galotti is the unhappy bride whom the Prince is consoling?

Marinelli (*aside*).

Can I have told her too much already? —

Orsina.

And Count Appiani was the bridegroom of this bride? Count Appiani, who has just been shot?

Marinelli.

No other.

Orsina.

Bravo! O bravo, bravo! (*clapping her hands.*)

Marinelli.

Why so?

Orsina.

I could embrace the devil who induced him to do it.

Marinelli.

Induced? Whom? To what?

Orsina.

Yes, I could embrace him,—even were you yourself that devil, Marinelli.

Marinelli.

Countess!

Orsina.

Come here;—look me in the face,—straight into my eyes.

Marinelli.

Well?

Orsina.

Do you not know what I think?

Marinelli.

How can I?

Orsina.

Had you no hand in it?

Marinelli.

In what?

Orsina.

Swear!—No, do not swear. You might commit one sin the more.—Or rather, yes, swear! What is one sin more or less to a man who is already damned?—Had you no hand in it?

Marinelli.

You frighten me, Countess.

Orsina.

Do I? — Now, Marinelli, does your good heart suspect nothing?

Marinelli.

What? What about?

Orsina.

Well, — then I will confide something to you; — something that shall make every hair of your head stand on end. — But somebody might overhear us so close to the door. Come over here. And (*laying her finger on her lip*) listen, this is quite secret, — quite secret. (*Puts her mouth close to his ear as if she were going to whisper something, and then cries in a loud voice.*) The Prince is a murderer!

Marinelli.

Countess, — Countess! Have you utterly lost your senses?

Orsina.

My senses? Ha, ha, ha! (*laughing loudly.*) I have rarely, perhaps never, been so well pleased with my senses as at this moment. — Beyond all question, Marinelli, — but it goes no further — (*in a low tone*) the Prince is a murderer, the murderer of Count Appiani. Robbers have not killed him; — accomplices of the Prince have killed him; the Prince has killed him.

Marinelli.

How can such an atrocity find its way to your lips, — into your thoughts?

Orsina.

How? Very naturally. — With this Emilia Galotti, who is here with him, whose bridegroom has been despatched headlong out of the world, — with this

(Emilia Galotti the Prince held a long conversation in the porch of the Dominican church this morning. That I know: my informants saw it. They also heard what he said to her.—Now, my Lord Marquis, have I lost my senses? I flatter myself I can still find the right key for the right lock.—Or has it turned out so by accident? Do you think this also is chance? O, Marinelli, then you know as little of the wickedness of Man as you know of Providence.

Marinelli.

Countess, you would put your life in peril —

Orsina.

If I said more? — So much the better, so much the better! — To-morrow, I will proclaim it in the market-place; — and whoso contradicts me, — whoso contradicts me, he was an accomplice of the murderer. — Farewell! (*As she is going, she is met at the door by Colonel Galotti, who enters hurriedly.*)

SCENE VI.

Odoardo Galotti. The Countess. Marinelli.

Odoardo.

I beg your pardon, madam —

Orsina.

I have nothing to forgive; for I have no right to take anything amiss here. — You should address yourself to this gentleman. (*Pointing to Marinelli.*)

Marinelli (aside, as he perceives him).
Here, to complete it, is the old father!

Observe.

I pray you, my Lord, forgive a father who is in the utmost agitation, for entering thus unannounced.

Orsini.

Father? — (*turns back again.*) Doubtless of Emilia. Ha! welcome.

Observe.

A servant galloped to me with the tidings that my family were in danger somewhere about here. I flew to the spot and heard that Count Appiani had been wounded, was being taken back to the town, and that my wife and daughter had escaped into the palace. — Where are they, my Lord, where are they?

Marinelli.

Be pacified, Colonel — No harm beyond the fright has happened to your wife and daughter. They are both quite well. The Prince is with them. I will go at once and announce your arrival.

Observe.

What need to announce me?

Marinelli.

For reasons — on account of — on account of the Prince. You know, Colonel, how you stand with the Prince, — not on the most friendly footing. However gracious he may show himself towards your wife and daughter, — they are ladies, — he will hardly be pleased at seeing you unexpectedly.

Observe.

You are right, my Lord, you are right.

Marinelli.

But, my dear Countess, may I first have the honour of escorting you to your carriage?

Orsius.

Do not trouble yourself.

Marinelli (*taking her gently by the hand*).

Allow me to perform my duty.

Orsius.

Softly! I release you from it, my Lord.—How you courtiers always make a duty of politeness, in order to be able to make what is really your duty a secondary consideration!—Your duty is to announce this gentleman as speedily as possible.

Marinelli.

Do you forget what the Prince himself commanded you to do?

Orsius.

Let him come and command me to do it a second time.

Marinelli (*drawing the colonel aside and whispering in his ear*).

I must leave you here with a lady, who,—whose,—whose mind—you understand me. I tell you this that you may know what weight to attach to her remarks, which are often of a strange kind.—It will be best to enter into no discussion with her.

Observe.

Very good.—Only do not delay, my Lord.

SCENE VII.

Countess Orsina. Odoardo Galotti.

Orsina (after a short pause,
during which she regards the colonel with an expression of pity, and
he throws an occasional glance of curiosity at her).

Whatever he may have said to you, unhappy man! —

Odoardo (half aside, half aloud).
Unhappy!

Orsina.

It was certainly no truth; least of all one of those truths which are awaiting you.

Odoardo.
Awaiting me? Do I not know enough already, madam? — But speak on; speak on.

Orsina.
You know nothing?

Odoardo.
Nothing.

Orsina.
Dear, good father! — What would I not give that you were my father too! Forgive me; the unfortunate draw near to each other so readily. I would wish to share faithfully with you both sorrow and anger.

Odoardo.
Sorrow and anger, madam? — But I forgot: speak on.

Orsina.
If it were your only daughter, — your only child! But only or not, the unfortunate child is always the only one.

Ossario.

The unfortunate, madam? — (*aside.*) Why do I question her, — (*half aloud.*) Yet, by heaven, no mad-woman speaks thus!

Orsina.

Madwoman? — Then that was what he confided to you about me? Well, well; it may possibly have not been one of his blackest lies. — I feel something of the kind. And believe, — believe me: he who, at certain things, does not lose his mind, has no mind to lose.

Ossario.

What am I to think?

Ossina.

That you are on no account to despise me! — For you also have a mind; I see it in your determined, noble face. You also have a mind: and it costs me but one word — and you have none.

Ossario.

Madam, madam! I shall have none left even before you say this word, if you do not say it to me quickly. Say it, say it, — or else it is not true, that you belong to the order of maniacs who move our pity and tenderness. You are an ordinary fool. You are without that which you never possessed.

Ossina.

Then listen. What do you know, you who think you already know enough? That Appiani is wounded? Only wounded? — Appiani is dead!

Ossario.

Dead? Dead? — Ha! woman, that is contrary to our agreement. You were to rob me of my mind, and you break my heart.

Orsina.

That parenthetically.—Let us go on.—The bride-groom is dead; and the bride—your daughter—worse than dead.

Ossurdo.

Worse? worse than dead? But surely dead also? For I know but one thing worse.

Orsina.

She is not dead. No, good father, no. She lives, she lives. She is now only about to begin to live. A life of rapture. The most enchanting, joyous fools' paradise,—while it lasts.

Ossurdo.

Your word, madam; your one word, that was to rob me of my mind. Out with it! Do not pour your drop of poison into a bucket. Your one word, quickly.

Orsina.

Well, then, spell it out: in the morning the Prince spoke to your daughter at mass; in the afternoon she is with him in his summer-palace.

Ossurdo.

He spoke to her at mass? The Prince to my daughter?

Orsina.

So confidentially, with such ardour! It was no slight thing they had to concert. And 'tis well if it was concerted; 'tis well if your daughter escaped here willingly. For, you see, then there was no abduction; but only—a trifling assassination.

Ossurdo.

Calumny, foul calumny! I know my daughter. If

it is assassination, it is also abduction. (*Looks wildly round, and stamps and foams with rage.*) Now, Clandia? Now, mother? Have we not had our fill of good? O, the gracious Prince! O, the special honour!

Orsina.

Does it work, unhappy father, does it work?

Ossando.

Here I stand before the robber's den. (*Tears open his coat and sees that he is without weapons.*) 'Tis a wonder I did not also leave my hands behind me in my haste. (*Searching his pockets.*) Nothing, nothing whatever.

Orsina.

Ha! I understand. I can help you there. I have brought one with me. (*Producing a dagger.*) There take it. Take it quickly before anyone sees us. I have something more — poison. But poison is only for us women, not for men. Take it. (*Pressing the dagger upon him.*)

Ossando.

I thank you, I thank you. Whoever says again, dear child, that you are mad will have to deal with me.

Orsina.

Conceal it, conceal it quickly.—To me, the opportunity of using it is denied. That opportunity will not fail you; and you will seize the first, the best that presents itself,—if you are a man. I, I am only a woman; but I came here, firmly determined.—We can confide everything to one another; for we are both injured, injured by the same seducer.—Ah! did you but know — did you but know how greatly, how un-speakably, how inconceivably I have been injured by

him, and am still injured: you could,— you would forget your own injury in mine.— Do you know who I am? I am Orsina, the deceived, the forsaken Orsina. Forsaken, perhaps, for your daughter; but what fault is that of hers?— Soon she too will be forsaken; and then another,— and another.— Ha! (*as if in an ecstasy*) what a heavenly phantasy! Could we once all of us,— we the whole host of forsaken ones,— be but transformed into Bacchantes, into furies, and have him amongst us, and rend him and tear him, till we found that heart which the traitor promised each one and gave to none. Hal that would be a dance!

SCENE VIII.

Claudia Galotti. Odoardo. Orsina.

Claudia (looks round as she enters, and as soon as she sees Odoardo rushes towards him).

Rightly divined! Ah! our protector, our deliverer,— are you indeed here, Odoardo? Are you here?— I concluded it from their whispers, from their looks.— What shall I say to you, if you as yet know nothing? What shall I say to you, if you already know all? But we are innocent. I am innocent. Your daughter is innocent. Innocent, innocent in everything.

Odoardo (who at the sight of his wife strives to master himself).

Well, well; be composed, be composed. And answer me. (*Towards Orsina.*) Not that I still doubt, madam. (*To Claudia.*) Is the Count dead?

Claudia.

Dead.

Odoardo.

Is it true that the Prince spoke to Emilia this morning at mass?

Claudia.

It is true. But if you knew what an alarm it caused her, in what consternation she came home —

Orsina.

Well! have I lied?

Odoardo (*with a bitter smile*).

Nor would I that you had, — not for worlds!

Orsina.

Am I mad?

Odoardo (*pacing wildly about*).

O, — I am not mad yet either.

Claudia.

You bade me be patient, and I am patient. Dear-
est husband, may I also beg you —

Odoardo.

What would you have? Am I not patient? Can
anyone be more patient than I am? (*Restraining himself.*)
Does Emilia know that Appiani is dead?

Claudia.

She cannot know it. — But I fear that she suspects
it, because he does not appear.

Odoardo.

And she wails and moans. —

Claudia.

No longer. That has passed: as is the way with her, you know. She is at once the most timid and the most determined of our sex. Unable to master her first emotions, yet after the slightest reflection submitting to everything, prepared for everything. She keeps the Prince at such a distance; she speaks to him in such a tone! — Only enable us, Odoardo, to get away.

Odoardo.

I came on horseback. What is to be done? — But, madam, you will be driving back to the town?

Orsina.

I shall.

Odoardo.

You would perhaps have the kindness to allow my wife to accompany you.

Orsina.

Why not? Very gladly.

Odoardo.

Claudia (*introducing the Countess to her*), the Countess Orsina, a lady of great judgment, my friend, my benefactress. You must drive back to town with her, in order immediately to send a carriage out to us. — Emilia must not return to Guastalla. She must come with me.

Claudia.

But — if only — I do not like to separate from my child.

Odoardo.

Does not her father remain near her? He surely must at last be admitted. — No reply! Come, madam. (*In a low tone.*) You will hear of me. — (*Aloud.*) Come, Claudia. (*He leads them out.*)

ACT V.

The anteroom at Dosalo as before.

SCENE I.

The Prince. Marinelli.

Marinelli.

Here, my Lord,—from this window you can see him. He is pacing up and down the arcade.—Now, he is turning in; he is coming.—No, he turns round again; he has not quite made up his mind yet. But he is a great deal calmer,—or he appears so, and to us it is all one.—Of course! For whatever the two women may have put into his head, will be dare to speak it out? Battista overheard that his wife is to send the carriage out to him forthwith; for he came on horseback.—Now observe: when he appears before your Highness, he will thank you most humbly for the gracious protection his family have met with here in this sad accident; will commend himself and his daughter to your further favour; will take her quietly back to town, and await in the deepest submission whatever further interest in his dear, unhappy daughter your Highness may deign to take.

Prince.

But if he turned out less tractable? And he will hardly be so tame—hardly. I know him well.—Suppose the utmost: suppose he were to stifle his suspicion and bridle his rage, but instead of taking Emilia back to Guastalla were to carry her with him? keep

her under his eyes? or even shut her up in a convent outside my dominions? How then?

Marinelli.

Anxious love is far-sighted! True. But he certainly will not —

Prince.

But if he should, what then? Of what avail will it be to us then that the unfortunate Count has lost his life?

Marinelli.

To what purpose this gloomy retrospect? Forward, is the conqueror's motto: let friend or foe fall beside him. — And suppose even — suppose the jealous old tyrant were to wish to do what you apprehend, Prince: (*considers*) I have it! This will do! — Beyond the wish he shall certainly not go. Certainly not. But let us not lose him out of our sight. (*Steps again to the window.*) In another moment he would have surprised us. He is coming. Let us avoid him first, while I tell you, Prince, what steps we must take should he act as you fear.

Prince (in a threatening tone).

Only, Marinelli —

Marinelli.

"Tis the most innocent thing in the world. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Odoardo Galotti.

No one here yet? Well, I shall get still cooler. 'Tis fortunate. There is nothing more despicable than a gray head with the fiery passions of youth. How

often have I not said so to myself! And yet I allowed myself to be carried away. And by whom?—By a jealous woman, by a woman mad with jealousy.—What has injured virtue to do with the punishment of vice!—I have only to save my daughter—And thy cause, my son, my son!—I could never weep—and I will not now begin to learn.—Thy cause, my son, another mightier than I will make His.—Enough for me if thy murderer enjoy not the fruit of his crime.—May this torment him more than the crime! When satiety and loathing shall presently drive him from pleasure to pleasure, may the recollection of not having satisfied this one desire poison the enjoyment of all! In all his dreams may the murdered bridegroom lead the bride to his couch; and if he then stretch out his arms towards her, may he hear on a sudden the mocking laughter of Hell; and awake!

SCENE III.

Marinelli. Guards.

Marinelli.

Where have you been tarrying, Colonel; where have you been?

Guards.

Has my daughter, then, been here?

Marinelli.

Not your daughter, but the Prince.

Guards.

I pray his forgiveness. I accompanied the Countess to her carriage.

Marinelli.

Well?

Ossardo.

Poor lady!

Marinelli.

And your wife—

Ossardo.

Has gone with the Countess, to send the carriage out to us. The Prince will perhaps allow me to remain here with my daughter until then.

Marinelli.

Why this ceremony? Would not the Prince have esteemed it a pleasure to drive both mother and daughter back to the town himself?

Ossardo.

My daughter, at all events, would have been obliged to decline that honour.

Marinelli.

How so?

Ossardo.

She will not return to Guastalla?

Marinelli.

No, why not?

Ossardo.

The Count is dead.

Marinelli.

So much the more—

Ossardo.

She will go with me.

Marinelli.

With you?

•boards.

With me. I tell you, that the Count is dead, — if you do not yet know it. What is there now for her to do in Guastalla? She will go with me.

Marinelli.

Beyond all question the future abode of the daughter will depend solely on her father's pleasure, only in the first instance —

•boards.

In the first instance, what?

Marinelli.

You must permit that she be taken to Guastalla, Colonel.

•boards.

My daughter! taken to Guastalla? And for what reason?

Marinelli.

For what reason? Do but consider —

•boards (*angrily*).

Consider! Consider! I consider that in this case there is nothing to be considered. She must and shall come with me.

Marinelli.

Oh, what need is there for us to grow warm about it? It is possible that I am mistaken; that what I hold to be necessary is not really so. The Prince will be the best judge.—Let the Prince decide. I hasten to fetch him.

[Exit.]

SCENE IV.

Odoardo Galotti.

What? Never! Dictate to me where she shall go? — Withhold her from me? — Who can do that? — who dares do it? Dares the Prince do what he pleases? Be it so; then he shall see what I also dare, though but for this I should not have dared it. Short-sighted tyrant! I am ready to cope with you. He who respects no law is as powerful as he who has no law. Do you not know that? Come on! Come on! — But hold! already, already passion is again running away with reason. — What would I have? This that I rage at has not yet happened. What will not a courtier prate of? Would that I had let him prate on! would that I had listened to his pretext for her returning to Guastalla! Then I might have been prepared with an answer. — But how can an answer fail me? Should one, however, fail me, — should one. — Somebody is coming. — I must be calm. I must be calm.

SCENE V.

*The Prince. Marinelli. Odoardo Galotti.**Prince.*

Ah, my dear, honest Galotti; something of this kind must have happened before we should see you here. For any slighter cause you would not have come. However, no reproaches!

Dowds.

My Lord, I hold it in all cases unbecoming to force oneself upon one's Prince. Whomsoever he knows, he will send for, if he needs him. Even now, I crave your pardon.

Prince.

In how many others I would fain see this proud modesty!—But to the point. You will be impatient to see your daughter. She is agitated anew by the sudden departure of so tender a mother. And why this departure? I was waiting only until your lovely Emilia had fully recovered to take them both in triumph back to the town. You have spoiled one half of my triumph; but I cannot allow myself to be deprived of the whole.

Dowds.

You are too gracious! Permit me, Prince, to spare my unhappy child the manifold inflictions which friend and enemy, pity and malice, prepare for her in Guastalla.

Prince.

To deprive her of the sweet inflictions of friendly pity would be cruel. But that the inflictions of envious malice do not touch her, let me, dear Galotti, take care.

Dowds.

Prince, a father's love does not willingly relinquish any part of its care. I think I know the sole course which befits my daughter in her present circumstances.—Seclusion from the world — a convent — as soon as possible.

Prince.

A convent?

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Until then let her weep under her father's protection.

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Is so much beauty to wither in a convent? — Should a single disappointed hope make us so implacable towards the world? But, undoubtedly, no one has a right to oppose a father's wishes. Take your daughter, Galotti, where you will.

Odoardo (*to Marinelli*).

Well, my Lord?

Maringalli.

Do you challenge me!—

Ødgardsg.

O by no means, — by no means.

親君子。

What dispute is there between you?

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None, gracious Prince, none. — We were simply considering which of us had been mistaken in you.

Prince.

In what way? — Speak, Marinelli.

Maringelli.

It grieves me to have to interpose between my Prince and his favour. But when friendship bids me require that he be above all things a judge —

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What friendship?

Marinelli.

You know, my Lord, how deeply I loved Count Appiani; how completely our two souls seemed inter-twined with each other.

Ossurdo.

Do you know it, Prince? Then, truly, you are singular in your knowledge!

Marinelli.

Appointed by himself to be his avenger —

Ossurdo.

You?

Marinelli.

Ask your wife. Marinelli, the name of Marinelli, was the last word of the dying Count. And in a tone — in such a tone. — May that fearful tone ever haunt my memory if I neglect any means by which his murderers may be discovered and punished.

Prince.

Reckon upon my most earnest support.

Ossurdo.

And my warmest wishes. — Well, well! But what further?

Prince.

I too ask that, Marinelli.

Marinelli.

It is suspected that they were not robbers who attacked the Count.

Ossurdo (*sarcastically*).

No? really not?

Marinelli.

That a rival had him put out of the way.

Odoardo (*bitterly*).

O, a rival?

Marinelli.

Nothing less.

Odoardo.

Then may the curse of Heaven fall upon him, the villainous assassin!

Marinelli.

A rival, and a favoured rival.

Odoardo.

What? a favoured rival? What do you say?

Marinelli.

Nothing more than rumour is spreading.

Odoardo.

A favoured rival? favoured by my daughter?

Marinelli.

It is certainly not so. It cannot be. I must contradict that in spite of you.—But notwithstanding all this, Prince,—for the best-founded suspicion weighs as nothing in the scales of justice— notwithstanding all this, it will be impossible to avoid having the unhappy fair one examined on the subject.

Prince.

Yes, undoubtedly.

Marinelli.

And where, where but in Guastalla can the examination take place?

Prince.

You are right there, Marinelli; you are right. Yea, to be sure, this alters the case, dear Galotti; does it not? — You see yourself —

Ossardo.

O yes, I see — I see what I see — my God, my God!

Prince.

What is it? What is the matter with you?

Ossardo.

I am annoyed that I did not foresee that which I now see. That is all — Well! she shall return to Guastalla. I will take her back to her mother. And till the most searching enquiry has acquitted her, I will not stir from the town. For who knows — (*with a bitter smile*) who knows whether justice may not find it necessary also to examine me?

Marinelli.

Very possibly. In cases of this kind, justice would rather do too much than too little. Therefore, I fear —

Prince.

What? What do you fear?

Marinelli.

That for the present we cannot allow the mother and daughter to speak to one another?

Ossardo.

Not speak to one another?

Marinelli.

That we shall be compelled to separate them.

Odoardo.

Separate them?

Marinelli.

Mother and daughter and father. The form of the trial absolutely demands this precaution. And I am sorry, my Lord, that I should feel myself compelled to require that Emilia, at any rate, be placed in separate confinement.

Odoardo.

Separate confinement? — Prince, Prince! — But of course, — of course. You are quite right: in separate confinement. She shall, shall she not, Prince? — O, how subtle is justice! Admirable! (*Plunges his hand hurriedly into the pocket which contains the dagger.*)

Prince (*soothingly, advancing towards him*).

Calm yourself, dear Galotti —

Odoardo (*aside, withdrawing his hand without the dagger*).

There spoke his guardian angel!

Prince.

You are mistaken; you do not understand him. You imagine, doubtless, at the word confinement, imprisonment and a dungeon.

Odoardo.

Let me only imagine that, and I am calm.

Prince.

Not a word of imprisonment, Marinelli! — In this case it is easy to unite the severity of the law with respect for unspotted innocence. — If Emilia must be kept in separate confinement, I know the most fitting place: the house of my chancellor. — No contradiction,

Marinelli. — I will take her there myself, and will hand her over to the care of one of the most estimable of women, who shall give me surety for her. — You go too far, Marinelli, — really too far, — if you demand more than this. — I think, Galotti, you know my chancellor Grimaldi — and his wife?

Odoardo.

Certainly I do. I know even the charming daughter of that noble pair. Who does not? (*To Marinelli.*) No, my Lord Marquis, do not agree to this. If Emilia must be confined, let it be in the deepest dungeon. Insist upon it, I beseech you. — Fool, dotard that I am with my entreaties! Yes, she was right, the good Sibyl: he who, at certain things, does not lose his mind, has no mind to lose.

Prince.

I do not understand you. Dear Galotti, what more can I do? Let it remain so, I pray you. Yes, yes; the house of my chancellor. There shall she go. I will take her there myself; and if she does not meet with the utmost respect, my word will have been of no avail. — But take no further thought. It is settled, — it is settled. — As regards yourself, Galotti, you can do as you please. You can follow us to Guastalla; or you can return to Sabionetta, whichever you like. It would be ridiculous to dictate to you. — And now farewell, dear Galotti! — Come, Marinelli, it is getting late.

Odoardo (who has been standing deep in thought).

What? Then I am not to see my daughter at all? Not here even! — I agree to everything; I think every-

thing excellent. A chancellor's house is, in the natural course of things, a sanctuary of virtue.—O gracious Prince, only take my daughter there. Nowhere else but there.—But yet I should like to see her before she goes. The death of the Count is still unknown to her. She will not be able to comprehend why she is being separated from her parents. To communicate this to her in a proper manner; to quiet her concerning this separation, I must see her, Prince.

Prince.

Then follow us —

Odoardo.

O, the daughter can come equally well to the father. Here, alone with her, I shall have speedily finished. Your Highness will send her to me.

Prince.

Even that shall be done.—O Galotti, if you would but be my friend, my guide, my father!

[*Exeunt Prince and Marinelli.*

SCENE VI.

Odoardo Galotti.

Odoardo (*following him with his eyes,* —
after a short pause.)

Why not? — With all my heart! Ha, ha, ha! — (*Looks wildly round.*) Who laughed then? — By heaven, I believe it was myself. — Well, gaily, gaily the game draws to a close — one way or the other — but — (*pause*) suppose she were to come to an understanding with

him! Suppose it were the everyday farce! Suppose she were not worth that which I am about to do for her! — (*Pause.*) Am about to do for her? What then am I about to do for her? Have I the courage to declare it to myself? — I meditate something, — something that may only be thought of. Horrible! Away! away! — I will not await her. No — (*towards heaven*) let him who has plunged her, innocent, into this abyss, drag her out of it again! What need has he of my hand? Away! (*He is going, when he sees Emilia coming towards him.*) Too late! Ah, he needs my hand! He needs it!

SCENE VII.

Emilia. Odoardo.

Emilia.

What? you here, my father? — Only you? My mother not here? and the Count not here? and you so restless, my father?

Odoardo.

And you so calm, my daughter?

Emilia.

Why not, father? Either nothing is lost or all. The power to be calm, and the necessity to be calm, — are they not the same in effect?

Odoardo.

But what do you imagine to be the case?

Emilia.

That all is lost. — And that we must needs be calm, father.

Ossario.

And you were calm, because you were obliged to be calm? — What are you? a girl, and my daughter? Then the man and the father must be ashamed of himself. — But let me hear what you understand by "all lost" — That the Count is dead?

Emilia.

And the reason of his death! The reason! Ah, it is true, father; the whole dreadful tale that I read in my mother's wild tearful eyes is true. — Where is my mother? where has she gone?

Ossario.

Before us — if, indeed, we follow after.

Emilia.

The sooner the better. For if the Count is dead, — dead too for that reason, — why should we still linger here? Let us fly, father.

Ossario.

Fly? — What need is there for that? You are, and must remain in the hands of your robber.

Emilia.

I remain in his hands?

Ossario.

And by yourself; without your mother and without me.

Emilia.

Alone in his hands? — Never, father — Or else you are not my father. — Alone in his hands? Well, leave me there, — leave me there. I will see who shall keep

me, who shall force me, — who is the man able to force another human being.

@boards.

I thought you were calm, my child.

Emilia.

So I am. But what do you mean by calm? Folding one's hands in one's lap? Suffering what one should not suffer? Permitting what one should not permit?

@boards.

Ha! Thinkest thou so? Let me embrace thee, my daughter. I have always said: Nature intended that ✓ woman should be her masterpiece. But she made a ✓ mistake in the clay. She chose it too refined. In all else, everything in you is better than in us. — Ha! if that is thy calm, I have found mine again in thine. Let me embrace thee, my daughter. — Imagine! under the pretext of a legal examination — oh the hellish jugglery — he would tear thee from our arms to take thee to Grimaldi.

Emilia.

Tear me; take me? — Will tear me; will take me? — Will! Will! — As if we, — we had no will, father!

@boards.

It so enraged me I nearly seized this dagger (*drawing it forth*) to plunge into the heart of one — of both of them.

Emilia.

No, for Heaven's sake, father! — This life is all that the wicked have. Give me, father, give me that dagger.

@boards.

Child, 'tis no bodkin.

Emilia.

Then the bodkin must serve as a dagger. "Twill do as well.

Odoardo.

What? Has it come to this? No, no, remember: Thou too hast but one life to lose.

Emilia.

And but one innocence.

Odoardo.

Which is above all force.

Emilia.

But not above all seduction.—Force! Force! Who cannot resist force? That which is called force is nothing. Seduction is the true force. I have young, warm blood, my father, like any other. My senses too are senses. I will answer for nothing. I will warrant nothing. I know the house of the Grimaldis. They are pleasure-loving people. One hour there by my mother's side—and a tumult rose within my breast which the sternest discipline of religion took weeks to lull again. Of religion! And of how sublime a religion!—To avoid nothing worse, thousands threw themselves into the waves, and became saints. Give it to me, father, give me the dagger.

Odoardo.

And if you knew this dagger!

Emilia.

Even if I do not know it!—An unknown friend is still a friend. Give it to me, father, give it to me

Odoardo.

If I were to give it to you—there! (*Gives it to her.*)

Emilia.
And there! (Is just going to stab herself, when her father catches the dagger out of her hand.)

Odoardo.
 See, how rash! No, that is not for thy hand.

Emilia.
 That is true. With a bodkin I was to do it.
(She raises her hand quickly to her hair for one, and finds the rose.)
 Still here? — Down with you! You have no place in
 the hair of a — what my father desires that I become.

O my daughter!

Emilia.
 O my father, if I divined you! — But no, you do
 not mean that either. Why else do you delay? *(In a
 bitter tone, while she pulls the rose to pieces.)* In olden times,
 there was a father who to save his daughter from dis-
 honour plunged the first knife that came to his hand
 into her heart — gave her life a second time. But all
 such deeds are of the past. There are no such fathers
 now.

Odoardo.
There are, my daughter, there are. (Stabbing her.)
*Oh God, what have I done? (She is falling, when he catches
 her in his arms.)*

Emilia.
 Plucked a rose ere the storm had blighted it. —
 Let me kiss this fatherly hand.

SCENE VIII.

To them the Prince and Marinelli.

Prince (*as he enters*).

What is this? Is Emilia not well?

Observe.

Very well! — Very well! ✓

Prince (*as he approaches*).

What do I see? O horror!

Marinelli.

Alas!

Prince.

Cruel father, what have you done?

Observe.

Plucked a rose ere the storm had blighted it. — Is it not so, my daughter?

Emilia.

Not you, father — I myself — I myself —

Observe.

Not you, daughter, not you. Leave the world with no untruth on your lips. — Not you, my daughter, your father, your miserable father.

Emilia.

Ah! — my father — (*Dies. He lays her gently on the ground.*)

Observe.

Draw near. Well now, Prince, does she please you still? Does she still excite your desires? Still, — in this blood that cries aloud for vengeance on you?

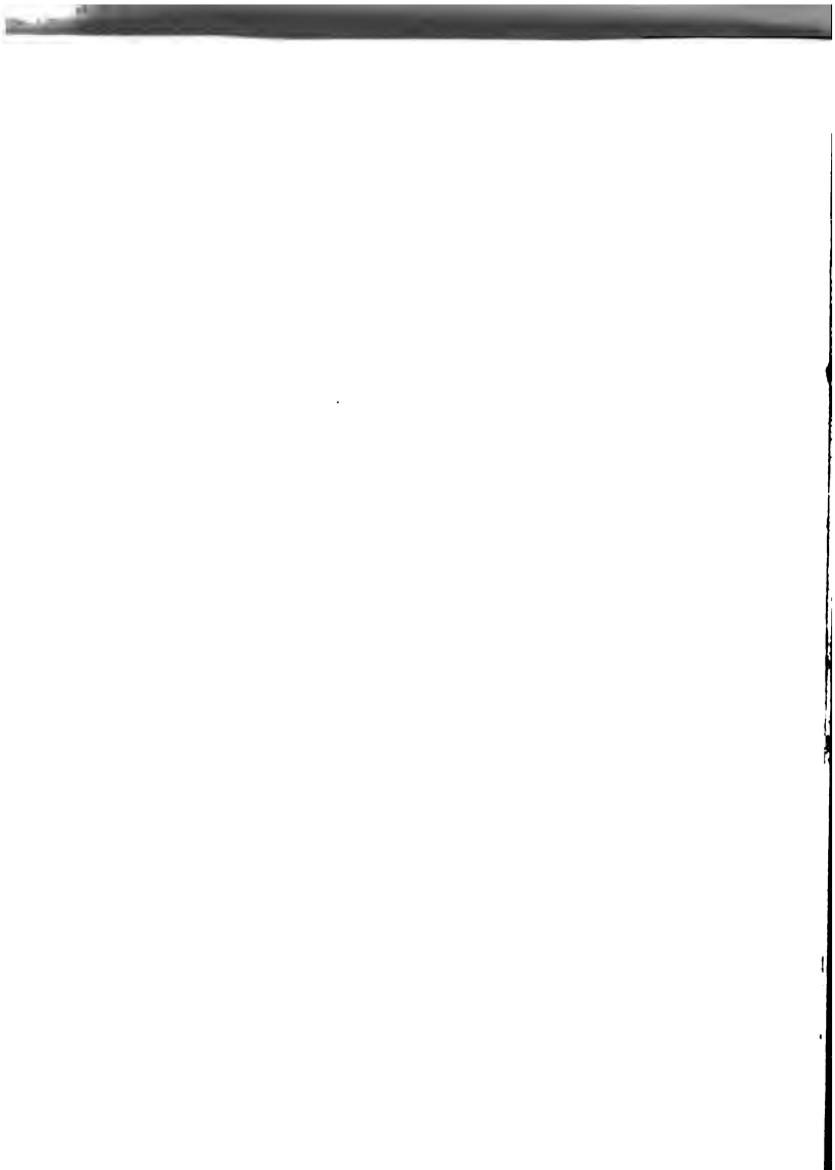
(*After a pause.*) But you are waiting to see whither all this is tending. You are perhaps waiting till I turn the dagger against myself, winding up my deed like a shallow tragedy. — You are mistaken. There! (*Throwing the dagger at the Prince's feet.*) There it lies! the bloody witness of my crime. I go to deliver myself up to justice. I go and await you as my judge.— And then — there — I await you before the great Judge of us all.

Priate (*to Marinelli, after some silence, during which he has been gazing at the body with horror and despair*).

Pick up the dagger. — What, you hesitate? Wretch! (*Snatching the dagger out of his hand.*) No, this blood shall not be mixed with yours. — Go and hide yourself for ever. Go, I say. — O God! O God! Is it not enough, to the misery of so many, that Princes are men; must they also have devils in disguise for friends?

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